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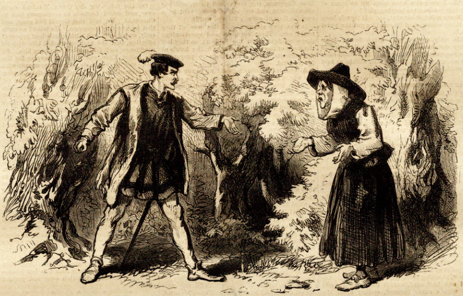

GERALD AND THE DISGUISED McDOWD.

BEREAVEMENT

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE

His little life is o'er,
And very bitter are the tears we weep,
That Death's cold hand has sealed forevermore
His blue-veined eyelids' sleep.

He lies, our lovely bud,
Untimely blasted by the tempest's power.
Yet he will bloom, beyond life's troubled flood,
A bright and glorious flower.

Alas that he should die,
Yet we can still behold his spirit-form.
A bright star through the cloud-rifts of the sky,
A rainbow on the storm.

His little grave will be
An altar, where, though chastened by the rod,
Our thoughts, like incense, will go up to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

We bless Thee, that our child
Is a young angel in thy angel-host,
A spirit beautiful and undefiled,
Departed but not lost.

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XXV.

NOT YET!

Slowly and cautiously, upon his bended knees, without noise, and with only the motion of a creeping cat, glided Samus McDowd towards the great bed. He reached its side, and there rested to listen. Ah, there could be no mistake about that breathing. Those two men slept soundly enough for any purpose. Up, like a spirit rising from nether depths stood the assassin, and his ear was bent over the couch. Gradually he set free a few rays of light, letting them fall first upon the foot of the bed, and then working them slowly up—working them up until he could see the necks of the sleepers. It was a fair mark, those two necks—so fair that the object could not be missed; and the steady hand, guided by a quick eye and a stout nerve, must easily accomplish the fell purpose.

And yet Samus McDowd could not resist the temptation to turn the light a bit higher, and view the faces of the sleepers. After his work was done he would have no time. Up—up—up glided the softly shaded beams, and the assassin gazed upon the features of the youth. How calm and quiet they were, and how beautiful in their peaceful rest. The soft, dark hair, clustering in wavy masses about the broad, high brow; the long, ebon lashes, traced like silken lines over the closed eyes; the finely carved lips, half parted; the clean cut nostrils, gently distending with the coming and going breath; and the rise and fall of the bosom, where the warm, young heart was beating in time to the ceaseless flow of life—all this was a picture for the dark, wild man. And he seemed to feel its beauty, too; for his lips moved as he dwelt upon it, and a spark of admiration was in his eye. But it could not reach down to his heart. No! He was not so much of a child as that—not so near akin to those types of the heavenly kingdom.

But there was another sleeper; and upon him Samus looked. It was an older face, and more strongly marked,—not so beautiful in the flush of youth; but yet noble in the beauty of manhood. This, too, was a broad, high brow; and the hair was soft and wavy, though sparse and gray. The lashes were long and heavy, and lay upon lids that closed over eyes somewhat sunken. The nose was a prominent one; and the mouth firm and finely shaped, and over all the face, like scratches upon the time-worn and much abused crystal, were deeply drawn the marks of care and inward suffering. Upon this the assassin gazed, at first with a look of simple curiosity, but, anon, with another look. His parted lips were suddenly compressed; he grasped his lantern with a firmer hold; and bent further over. His gaze was riveted, as though upon the record of doom, and a strange tremor shook his frame. A full minute he stood thus, and then he sank down below the level of the bed, and pressed his hand upon his brow. Awhile he remained thus, communing with himself; and anon he arose and looked upon the aged sleeper's face again. This time he changed his position somewhat, and his gaze gradually softened until a tremor was upon his lips.

Samus McDowd crept away from that room—closed the door as noiselessly as he had opened it—closed it, but did not lock it—crept on to his own apartment—extinguished his light—and glided into bed. And the two men in the distant chamber slept on as soundly as ever, nor dreamed of the death-spirit that had hovered so near them!

In the morning the servants found the old woman early astir, and they gave her her breakfast before the mistress had risen. But Lorinda saw the hag in the hall, and offered her further shelter if she needed it. But no,—the wayfarer was strong again, and able to pursue her journey; and she hurried away as quickly as possible; not forgetting, however, to express a deal of gratitude for the kindness she had received.

Ellen Chapman, when the guest was gone, took it upon herself to make a search in and about the room which the sinister looking individual had occupied; but she found nothing out of the way Nothing had been stolen; nor had anything been at all disturbed. And yet she declared that she hoped the old hag would never come that way again. She had had the worst of dreams all night long, and had seen ghosts and hobgobblins innumerable.

Lorinda did not speak her thoughts so plainly as did her maid; yet she had no particular desire to cultivate the beldam's acquaintance further. Somehow she had come to regard that dark, wrinkled face with extraordinary dread; and she could not help shuddering when she remembered how it had looked. However, she had done what she felt to be her duty, and she hoped that the wayfarer had been benefitted; and at that she let the matter rest.

In the meantime Samus McDowd, by a circuitous route, made his way to Cheswold, where he hung around until he met Gerald Murdock.

"Who are you?" was the barrister's rough demand, as the intruder stopped him.

"I am from Farworth," replied Samus, in a tone suiting to his garb.

"Well—and what of that? What news bring you from there?"

"Dark news, Gerald Murdock."

"Ha! By the powers of the pit, thou art Samus!"

"Yes."

"Upon my life and soul, I did not know you! Come—come this way. Come where we shall not be seen. S'death! how completely you are covered up!"

Thus speaking Gerald led the way into a thicket of bushes, where he soon found a safe and secluded spot.

"You have been to Farworth?" he said, nervously and anxiously.

"Yes. I spent the night beneath that roof."

"And did you see the man of whom I spoke?"

"Yes."

"You—did the work?"

"No."

"How—could you find no opportunity?"

"Never was an opportunity more favorable. I stood by their bedside while they slept, and could have cut their throats with all the ease imaginable."

"And did not do it?"

"I did not do it."

"By the mass, Samus McDowd, I thought you had stronger nerve."

"My nerve is strong enough, my master; but my nerves are not all involuntary ones. I did not kill them; and I will not."

"How? Do you——"

"Hold, sir. It may all be settled in a very few words. One of those men I will put out of your way at any time when I have opportunity; but not both of them. The young man—him you call Clifton—I can cut adrift for you; but not the other."

'But how is this, Samus? Why did you not say so in the first place? I asked you if you had any particular regard for either of them, and you told me no."

"Because I did not know that older man by the name you gave him."

"You said you had seen them both."

"Aye; but never before to examine them as I examined them last night."

"And who is this man—this John Darwood?"

"Never mind. What he is to me it matters not in the least to you. And now answer me this: Is it necessary to your plans that this Darwood should be killed?"

Gerald reflected awhile, and finally answered:

"If Elroy Clifton can be taken off, I care not so much about the other. In fact, I don't know as Darwood's death is at all necessary. Situated as he is, he must flee the country, at best and that will answer my turn. But, Samus, I am at a loss to account for this tenderness on your part."

"No more of that!" cried McDowd, with a stern shake of the head. "It is enough that I cannot harm him. If you are wise, you will push no further in that direction. And, furthermore, I would like your pledge that you will not seek to do him harm. You say he must flee from this section; and it is my wish that you allow him so to do."

"But," said Gerald, anxiously, "what assurance have I that the youth shall fall? I don't mean to question your intent; but I am fearful of your ability to meet the marked one alone."

"If you will leave it as I have said," returned Samus, confidently, "I will have his life if I live. I will hang upon his track—I will watch for him—and I will take him upon the first opportunity."

And thus the matter w[illegible]s left. If Gerald did not feel wholly satisfied, [illegible] did not say so. He remarked, however, that [illegible] had been a bad beginning; whereupon M[illegible]owd reminded him that bad beginnings often had good endings. And the barrister hoped that it might prove so in this instance.

After the assassin had gone, Gerald walked down to the boat-builder's shop; but Silverthorne was not there. Where was he? No one knew. He must have gone away some time during the night. It was very strange—very strange indeed. Gerald shook his head, and clenched his fists, and muttered to himself of death and doom. His thoughts of that old man were troublesome. He feared him more than he could have feared an army of ghosts. In fact, the white-haired pilgrim bore to his imagination a sort of spectral character, haunting him with more than ghostly power.

Late in the evening Owen Murdock returned from Lancaster; and the father and son told over their successes. Gerald had some disappointment to relate; but he hoped for the best.

"Never mind," said the parent, when he had heard the story of McDowd's mission; "if he succeeds in removing Elroy Clifton, it will be sufficient. I care for Darwood only as the youth's companion. But, as you say, he must flee from the country the moment he leaves Farworth, so he will not be in our way. I hope, however, that the youth will not be suffered to escape."

"There is no fear of that," returned Gerald, with assurance. "McDowd is at this moment on the watch, and will keep his post until the work is done."

After this Owen told of his success, and a success it really was. He had been empowered to act as Lorinda Verbrook's guardian, and the whole estate was in his hands. The restrictions to his power were only limited by time.

"And now," he said, "the sooner we act the better. She must not remain here to work upon the sympathy of the people. At this moment she gives shelter to an outlaw whom she loves, and the cause is sufficient for her removal. When she is gone, I can explain the matter at my leisure, and I am confident that I shall be sustained. There remains but one question upon my mind: shall I inform her of my authority now, or wait until we have her in Cumberland?"

"Perhaps you had better wait until then."

On the whole, Owen thought it would be better so, and his next step was to make arrangements for the removal of his ward, which he set about on the following morning. He went over to Farworth with the appearance of simply paying a friendly visit. He took dinner with Lorinda, and in the afternoon walked over the premises, as though to see how matters were being conducted by the servants. He was very free and social, and managed to discover that the two smugglers were still in the house. He had almost resolved to return to Cheswold without entering the house again, but a fancy seized him, and he could not, or did not, resist it. At the dinner table some remarks had been made touching Gerald, and as he now referred to them, he thought there could be no harm in sounding the maiden. He may have done it only from whim, and he may have hoped that he might find some spark of affection in her soul which could be worked upon to advantage. So he re-entered the house, and found her in her little sitting-room. Ellen Chapman was sent away, and he approached the subject through a profuse mass of compliment and hopeful protestation.

"My dear Lorinda," he said, when he had put on about as much of the agreeable as he thought the occasion would warrant, "at the dinner table you asked me when Gerald would return to London. I did not answer you directly, for I could not. My thoughts were too suddenly stirred. But I may answer you now, though you must help me in the work. I do not wish to offend you, nor would I trespass upon your reserved feelings, and yet I must press upon you a question which lies very heavily on my spirit. You know well enough what are my son's wishes. You know—pardon me if I speak abruptly—you know how deeply he loves you. When he received your letter he was heart-sick and sad, but still he bore up, and tried to hope for the best. He would have made arrangements for returning to his business at once, but I bade him hesitate. Something whispered to me that you might relent——"

"Stop, stop, sir," interrupted Lorinda. She had been trembling, but she was quite calm now, and spoke firmly. "Do not press that matter further. I have taken counsel of my own heart, and my answer has been given."

"And have you taken no other counsel?"

Owen asked this question before he thought, and asked it, too, in a different manner from what he might have done had he stopped a moment for reflection.

"I have taken counsel, sir, as seemed best to me," the maiden replied, with the pride of one who stood upon her own rights.

"Ah—don't misunderstand me," Owen quickly rejoined, with an effort to repair the breach he had made. "I did not mean to question your right to consult whom you pleased. In fact you should do so. But I feared that, perhaps, you miget have been influenced by some misrepresentation."

"Not at all, sir. I have only spoken as my own heart dictated."

"Then my son has no ground for hope?"

"Not that I can ever be his wife."

"That's enough, Lorinda. I will press the subject no further, and I hope you will pardon me for having thus worried you."

It was no matter, she told him.

"And now," he added, "I can tell you when Gerald will return. He may go to-morrow, but within the week at any rate. And when he is gone I hope you will come over and visit us at Cheswold. The old servants are anxious to see you, and Jack Spencer wishes to make amends for his last mishap by giving you a pleasant sail. Will you not come over?"

She said she would, and she spoke freely, too, for she was really desirous of seeing her old friends at Cheswold, and had only been restrained by the very presence to which allusion had been made.

When Owen Murdock had gone, and Lorinda was alone, she was troubled by strange thoughts. From thoughts of Gerald she turned to thoughts of Elroy Clifton. She had not seen the youthful smuggler since he had been sheltered this last time beneath her roof. She wished to see him, and yet she dared not. She wished to see him, because she felt it to be a duty to assure him that he was welcome to her protection. She dared not see him, because a still small voice whispered in her soul that a conviction of duty might not be the only spring of action that was moving her. And now that the allusion to Gerald Murdock had turned her reflections inward upon her heart, she was almost startled by the shadowy form that would find dwelling there. The felon brand, even, could not drive it out.

O, how she wished Silverthorne would come. She wanted to see him, and consult with him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A KNIFE-STROKE.

"Darwood, I cannot submit to this any longer."

It was evening, and the two smugglers were in their chamber. Elroy Clifton had been, for the last half hour, pacing to and fro across the floor, with his head bent, and his arms folded across his breast. They had been in that chamber since their arrival at the hall, having only once stepped out of doors—and that in the night, to take the fresh air.

"I cannot submit to this any longer, "the youth repeated, stopping before his companion, who was seated at a table.

Darwood looked up, but made no reply.

"I am violating every sense of my better nature by remaining here," Elroy continued, "and were danger at the very threshold of this house, I would pass it to-night. I must not stay here. I cannot."

"I am ready to go, my boy," returned Darwood, calmly and frankly. "I am at your service. I came here with you, and with you I am ready to leave. It was not John Darwood upon whom the particular benefit of this shelter was bestowed. It was for Elroy Clifton that this was done."

"I know it," said our hero; "I know it very well, but I cannot accept it longer. I know it all: Lorinda Verbrook gave me shelter here out of her great gratitude—she would serve me because I served her. Her noble, generous nature leads her to expose herself to the ignominy of sheltering fugitives from justice, rather than see one who did her a service suffer. She dares not see me—she dares not have it known that we are here. In fact, I know that our presence must be a source of continual disquiet to her. Do you not think so?"

Darwood said that he did.

"Then," pursued Elroy, "my very respect, my regard for the lady would induce me to leave her roof. I know that I am forced upon her by circumstances over which she has no control, and if it be her gratitude that urged her to shelter me, then is she ten times forced to the deed, for, to such a soul as hers, the spirit of grateful benevolence is absolute master. I have thought of this matter seriously, and my own dignity tells me to go. If I ever cultivate the friendship of the lady further—if I would ever enjoy her good will—it must be under other circumstances than these. And so my resolution is formed. The Lady Lorinda shall be relieved of the uncomfortable burden. This night we go hence."

Darwood, who had already risen from his seat, took a turn across the floor, and when he came back, he said—

"My dear boy, I not only understand you perfectly, but I agree with you. Our very regard for the lady, and the noble kindness she has manifested towards us, impose it upon us as a duty that we should relieve her of our presence. But there is one more consideration—not so much for me as for you, but still I am not entirely free from the obligation. We owe something to the old man who brought us hither."

"Aye," returned Elroy, "you speak truly there, and I had hoped that he would have been here ere this. I have expected him, and have waited for him."

"And yet," pursued Darwood, "it seems hardly proper that we should leave him in ignorance of our whereabouts, for I am strongly impressed with the idea that he has some deep interest in your welfare, and, furthermore, that it will be for your interest to trust him."

"Aye, responded the youth, "I have considered all that, and have provided for it. I shall leave a note behind addressed to Silverthorne, stating some reason for leaving, and informing him whither my steps are directed."

"Then you have your course set down?"

"Yes, though I will be governed by your judgment in that. I have hit upon the old cot at Kildiel Cliff, where Jack McDougal keeps a shelter for his friends. I know it is far away, but we shall be so much the safer when we reach it, and then Jack will give us hearty welcome. What do you think of it?"

"I like it," replied Darwood, almost immediately. "We can find no better place; and, from there, if there should be need of it, we can slip over into Scotland without difficulty."

"Exactly," added Elroy. "I have thought of that. And the sooner we start the better."

When the matter had been thus arranged, the youth sat down at the table, where had been provided books, and paper, and pens, and ink, and wrote a letter, which he folded and sealed, and superscribed to Silverthorne, and then deposited it in a conspicuous place.

It was now near eleven o'clock, and having secured the few articles that belonged to them, the fugitives left their chamber, and made their way to the court with as little noise as possible. They met with no obstruction, and found no difficulty in opening the doors; and when once they had gained the open air, they started oft towards the river, which they crossed by a footbridge, thence striking into a narrow path that led to the northward. The moon was up, lacking some two hours of setting, so that they had plenty of light to guide them along the woodland track. They had gone but a few rods beyond the bridge when Elroy, who was ahead, stopped, and raised his finger towards his companion.

"I think I heard a footstep near us," he whispered.

They both listened, and presently a crackling was heard in the bushes, and something seemed to bound away as though it had been startled.

"It is a deer," said the youth.

"It may be," returned Darwood, still listening to the sound of the retreating step. "It don't sound much like a deer, however; though it don't matter. It flees from us, and that is enough."

In a little while all was still again, and they moved on. In half an hour they came to a point where a broad bridle-path crossed their track; and here, upon an old log, they found a man sitting. They would have avoided him had the thing been possible, but the nature of the locality was such that they came full upon him before he was discovered.

"Hallo!" cried the stranger, starting up from his seat. "Who's this?"

"Never mind," answered Elroy. "It is nobody who wishes to disturb you." And with that he would have kept on his way.

"Eh,—you're off, are ye? Hold on. I'm bound in that direction myself. I aint going far; but I'd like company as far as I go."

"We're in a hurry," said Darwood.

The man startled at the sound of that voice, but his emotion was not noticed.

"So am I in a hurry," he responded; "and if you don't like my company, you can jog on, and keep out of my way if you like; but I hope you'll let me follow if I can."

Elroy, from a natural instinct of his nature, had a disposition to grant the fellow his simple desire; and so, as Darwood pushed on, he fell a little behind, and allowed the stranger to come up.

"I pray to Heaven," the latter said, leaning upon his staff, as he hurried on, as though he needed its assistance, "that you don't fear so poor an old wreck as I am. I may be unfortunate, good sir, and I may be a sinner, but I hope I don't bear any man ill."

"I had no thought of that kind," returned the youth, quickly. "If you would like our company, you are welcome to it; only we cannot lag."

"Thank you, fair sir. I aint going far—only to the next crossing,—and then I strike off for Golgate. It's kind o' dubious like, travelling alone, in the night, in such lonesome ways. But then I aint afraid, for the Lord knows I aint fit to be robbed, seein' that I've got nothing worth taking."

The fellow spoke so earnestly, and seemed so grateful that he had been suffered to come up, that Elroy felt rather glad that he had accommodated him, and at once entered into conversation, remarking by way of commencement, that they must keep up with his companion, who was leading the way, and who seemed inclined to jog on at a pretty round pace. This remark was thrown in as the stranger seemed a little inclined to lag. He appeared to be an old man; was rather slight in frame; with a stoop of the shoulders; and habited in the garb of a peasant. In his left hand he carried a small bundle, and in his right the stout staff which helped support his steps. His face could not be very plainly seen in the dark path; but it was evidently not a very handsome one. Darwood continued to walk on in advance, there not being room for three to travel very comfortably abreast, though he was not so far distant but that he could overhear most of the conversation.

Half an hour had Elroy Clifton walked by the side of the stranger, and he suspected nothing out of the way.

By and by they came to a point where the path took an abrupt turn around the spur of a sandstone cliff, and here the stranger stumbled, and fell upon his knees, dropping his bundle, and also letting go his staff. He uttered an exclamation of pain—a stifled, whispering cry—as he fell, and the youth stopped to assist him.

Somehow—through some agency independent of reason, and more spiritual than instinct—Elroy received an impression, coming upon him like a shock, and vibrating upon every nerve, that he was in danger—that a serpent, with deadly sting, was coiled at his feet. He was in the act of stooping when this impression came—of stooping to lift the kneeling man to his feet—but, under the influence of the unseen hand, he started back, and, as he did so, he saw something gleam before his face, as though the starbeams were being reflected from a blade of polished steel. In another instant he knew his danger Had he stooped as he had started to do, and put forth his hands to assist the stranger, a knife would have been plunged to his heart. He saw the weapon—he saw the hand drawn back to strike,—and, with all his power, he sprang upon the assassin, seizing him by both his wrists, and forcing him to the earth. The movement had been so sudden, and Elroy had put forth such strength, that the villain not only went down, but his intended victim came crushing down atop of him. The hand that held the knife had been forced up as far as the length of the doubled arm would admit, thus changing the direction of the weapon, and bringing its point down upon the neck of its owner. There was a bursting cry—an oath—a spasmodic struggle,—and our hero leaped to his feet with a thrill of horror. He felt something warm and dripping upon his left hand, which chilled quickly as the night air struck upon it!

All this had transpired far more quickly than human tongue could tell it; and Elroy was upon his feet before Darwood came back.

"What is it?"

"See," cried the youth, pointing to where the assassin lay. "He tried to kill me—to stab me—I fell upon him—turned his knife—and he is himself stricken!"

The companions were gazing down upon the dark form of the prostrate villain, and were upon the point of moving forward when two events transpired to arrest them in their design. The sound of an approaching footfall broke upon the air; and the assassin, as though suddenly galvanized, leaped to his feet, and made off around the cliff in the direction from which they had come.

"I have not killed him!" cried Elroy, in a tone of relief.

"No," returned Darwood, in a hurried manner. "But we must let him go, for some one is coming. Here—in here!—Let us conceal ourselves. We cannot afford to be seen. Hist!"

As quickly as possible the two fugitives crept into the thick bushes, where they had just found a resting-place when the new-comer passed over the spot where they had stood. They could distinguish the outlines of a dark form moving quickly by; but they could distinguish nothing more. They waited until the sound of the retreating footsteps was lost in the distance, and then came out from their hiding-place.

"I wish I knew how badly that man was hurt," said Elroy, wiping his dabbled hand upon a bunch of leaves.

"Never mind," returned Darwood. "We cannot follow him."

"And why he should have sought my life—I would like to know that, too," pursued our hero, thoughtfully.

"Aye—I would like to know that. But we shall not find out here, so let's push on."

With this the smugglers resumed their way; and as they went they talked of the strange event which had just transpired; but they had nothing to say of the man to avoid whom they had hid themselves in the bushes—they had nothing to say of him, because they attached no sort of importance to his coming or going. And yet, had they but caught a single glimpse of that man's face, they would have hesitated ere they suffered him to pass. Had they been near enough to see the snow white beard, they would have surely stopped him. But, as they did not know him—as they missed him, and allowed him to pass, we must allow them to pursue their own course, and follow those who need following.

Old Silverthorne—for he it was who trod that darksome track alone—hurried on with quick, eager strides, towards Farworth. He had gone not many rods when he was startled by hearing a groan close at hand. He stopped, and soon discovered a man sitting by the side of the path, and when he approached near enough to distinguish things more clearly, he discovered that the sufferer was trying to bind a handkerchief about his neck.

"What now? Who are you?"

"I am hurt, good sir. My neck is cut. Bind this kerchief about it quick, for I am bleeding fast."

The fellow spoke in hurried, husky tones, and was evidently very weak. Silverthorne knelt down, and upon examination he found a deep gash upon the right side of the man's neck, from which the blood was flowing most dangerously. With his own kerchief he made a compress, and as quickly as possible he bound up the wound, and then asked the fellow if he could walk.

"I must walk," was the reply. "I cannot die here. You will help me, sir."

"Certainly I will; but I must first know who you are."

"What can that matter? Help me up. Let me stand, if I can."

"Ah—I think I know you now! Yes, yes," the old man continued, as he lifted the sufferer to his feet, thus gaining a better view of his face—"It is Samus McDowd."

"You are right. But—by the blood that's flowing, I don't believe I'll need a name much longer. Still, I'd like to live.—I think I can walk.—Where are you going?"

"To Farworth. I'll help you there."

McDowd hesitated; but he quickly reflected that he might as well go there as anywhere; and he said he would try to reach that place. He took Silverthorne's arm, and managed to walk quite well, though he was very weak, and, at times, leaned heavily upon his supporter.

"How is this?" asked the old boat-builder, after they had fairly started. "How did you get wounded?"

"I had a tussle in the wood."

"Ah—I see: you have been up to some of your independent tax levying, eh?"

"Never mind about that, sir. If there's been any thing wrong, God knows I've got the worst of it."

This reply, spoken with much feeling, completely disarmed Silverthorne of all desire to press the question further; and he walked carefully on, supporting the stricken villain as best he could.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TIDE OF CONSPIRACY EBBS AND FLOWS.

By the time they had reached the foot-bridge that crossed the river, it was evident to Silverthorne that his companion was failing. His step grew less sure, and he leaned more heavily for support. But the old man sustained him, and finally brought him to Farworth Hall, where the porter was aroused, and entrance gained. The servitor had so much confidence in Silverthorne, that he not only allowed him to do as he pleased, but also obeyed him as though he had been his lawful master. He assisted in bearing the sufferer to a small room where there was a couch, and then asked if he should call more help.

"There is no need of disturbing any of the people," the boat-builder replied. "I am somewhat of a leech myself, and can treat this case well enough for the present. You may assist me in removing this compress; and we'll see how the wound looks."

The moment the bandage was removed and the compress taken off, the blood flowed afresh, and the patient gasped with weakness. The wound was a bad one; and, surely, a fatal one. The point of the knife had entered directly under the jaw, touching the lingual vein; thence downward and backward, across the jugular; and then with a curve forward, ending upon the cephalic vein, just above the collar bone.

"It's no use," said Samus, as they wiped away the flowing blood. "I'm past help. Aint it so?"

"Yes," replied Silverthorne. "You may as well prepare for the final passage. Your heart hasn't got much more blood to spare. I will help you all I can; but all the doctors in the kingdom couldn't save you. There's a gash down here by the shoulder that's bleeding inwardly."

"Can I live—how long?"

"Not long. You're dying now. Your pulse is almost gone. In the left wrist it is gone entirely."

McDowd closed his eyes, and raised his hand to his neck, where they were still at work with the sponge.

"Put on the bandage again," he said. "Put it on tight, and keep the breath of life in me as long as you can. A few minutes may be of much worth now."

The compress was replaced, and the bandage bound on, and then Samus asked that the porter might be sent away.

"I want to see this old man alone," he said, turning his weakening gaze upon the servant; and he spoke with so much of earnest appeal, that the attendant left the room without question.

"You are an honest man?" Samus remarked, lifting himself a little way upon his elbow, and gazing earnestly into the old man's face.

"I hope so," was Silverthorne's reply.

"And if I gave you a commission—a commission of justice and mercy—you would be true and faithful?"

"Most assuredly."

"Then I have such a commission for you.—Give me that wine."

The dying man drank a generous draught, and then proceeded:

"I am going—I feel it here,"—with his hand upon his heart—"and my breath grows heavy; so I must say what I have to say in as few words as possible. Do you know a man called John Darwood?"

"Yes, I know him very well." Silverthorne bent nearer to the speaker as he answered, for the mention of that name, under such circumstances, quickly interested him.

"Would you object to serving him?" pursued Samus.

"On the contrary," replied the old man, "I should esteem it a privilege to serve him."

"Do you know who he is?"

"Only as others know him."

"Then he is to you only the outlawed smuggler, John Darwood?"

"I only know him as such, though I have felt assured that such was not his true station."

"You are right, sir. Such is not his true station. I cannot tell you the story now; but I have written it all down—every word of it—and the world must know it. You know where my cot is in Garstang?"

"Yes."

"Then listen. over the fire-place there is a small cupboard, with shelves in it; and upon those shelves are my poor dishes. The shelves can be pulled out. Directly back of the middle shelf you will find a knot in the sheathing. With a sharp point you can pry that knot out; and thus you will find a key-hole. Here—in my pocket—are the keys, and among them is the key for that place. Fit it in, and turn it, and the back of that cupboard will open, showing you a deep recess beyond. The paper is in there—in an old pocket-book, with other papers. And there are other things there. Let Darwood have them all. You will not fail in this?"

"No."

"Then take the keys now. Here—in this pocket."

Silverthorne got the keys, and Samus then informed him that the largest of the lot was for the padlock upon the outer door of the cot.

"But," said the boat-builder, so eager in the strange business that he had not noticed how fast the man was failing, "what is this concerning John Darwood? I may see him before I can visit your cot."

"The paper will tell him all; and he may then tell you. Or—hold. You say you would esteem it a privilege to help him?"

"Yes."

"You are sincere?"

"As man can be."

"Then—you may open the paper when you find it, and you will see how important it is that he should have it. I wrote it long ago—I wrote it when I knew not if he lived.—Where is the wine?"

The sufferer had spoken so as to be understood; but he had not spoken easily. The last few sentences had been faintly uttered, at intervals, with weakening voice, and with gasping for breath. As he asked for the wine he raised himself upon his elbow, and took the cup; but it did not reach his lips. It tipped in his hand—he fell back—and the purple juice flowed over his breast. Silverthorne spoke to him; but there was no answer.—The tide was at its ebb. Samus McDowd was dead! The white-haired old man, who was himself an enigma to so many, stood by the couch, holding a lamp in his hand; and as he gazed upon the face of the dead, he wondered who and what that man could have been.

* * * * * *

In the morning, when Lorinda was called, she went with Silverthorne to see the corse of the wayfarer; and she quickly recognized the features which had appeared beneath the hood of the old woman to whom she had given shelter. Ellen Chapman, too, recognized them, and her astonishment and suspicions found vent in a copious flow of warmly uttered words.

It was very strange; and that was all they could say. Their surmises and questionings threw no light upon the subject; so they left the body of the sin-stained man in the hands of the servants, who had directions to prepare it for removal.

After this Silverthorne went up to the chamber where he had been informed that he should find the two smugglers, and rapped upon the door; but without receiving any reply. The rap was repeated; and then he tried the latch. He entered the apartment, and found it empty. He was upon the point of coming out, when a folded note, upon the table, directed to himself, caught his eye. He opened it, and the story was told. At first he seemed like one upon whom a great calamity had suddenly fallen; but gradually he came up from the shock, and paced slowly up and down the room, with his hands clutched together upon the missive.

"It may be better so," he finally murmured. "It may be better so if they but reach the point they aim at." He was speaking on, when he stopped as though a fiery pit had suddenly yawned before him.

"Ha! That knife—that tussle—that meeting in the wood!" he exclaimed, with his eyes fixed as if upon a scene of murder. "With whom did Samus McDowd meet in conflict? Now, I see the full iniquity of the plot! Owen Murdock hath been here twice. He was in Lancaster, and saw the bailiff there. He knew that the fugitives were sheltered beneath this roof; and he did hire the assassin to slay the youth! I know it—I see it!"

It was no matter of surmise with Silverthorne. He sat down, and leaned his head upon his hand, and reasoned the thing out as plainly as though he had the chart of Owen Murdock's soul before him. Had he seen that base man, with his own hand, strike a dagger to a fellow's heart, he would not have been more sure of his murderous intent. But—had Elroy Clifton been killed! The question came with a fearful shock; but the old man soon reasoned himself into a calmer state. He had come along the very path where the assassination must have taken place, if it had taken place at all; and he had seen nothing save the dying assassin. He called to mind every word McDowd had spoken, and he was assured that he had not succeeded in his murderous purpose. He was uneasy; but he strove to hope for the best. Some danger might have befallen the youth; but he would not believe it until he had opportunity to investigate. He possessed a clue to the course the fugitives had taken, and he could easily follow them.

"It is better as it is," he said, like one who is striving to convince himself. "It is better as it is—if they reach their destination in safety."

And then he went down and found Lorinda, to whom he communicated what had transpired.

"Gone!" she cried, turning pale; but flushing in a moment more, as the rich blood returned to her face.

"Be not alarmed," the old man said, taking a seat near her. "I hope it is for the best. They went last night, and Elroy left this note upon the table, addressed to me."

Lorinda wished to hear it. She wished to know why they had gone.

And Silverthorne said he would read it.

"Though written for me, as you will see," he added, "still you have a right to hear it. Thus it is." And he read as follows:

> "To MY FRIEND, SILVERTHORNE:—After mature deliberation I have concluded to leave Farworth, and seek a place of shelter where I may feel more free and unrestrained. In short, I cannot remain here. I am imposing upon the noblest qualities of heart and soul. I am a burden upon her who is mistress here. Because I once did her a service she would now serve me; and, in the abundance of her gratitude, she throws the shield of her home about me, and gives me welcome. But I know how much she must suffer. I know how much she must dread an exposure of the fact that she has given shelter to two fugitives from justice. However much her noble benevolence may weigh with her in this, I cannot be blind to the unpleasant position in which our presence places her. Had I never done her a service, then I might accept this great favor, feeling that it was bestowed most freely; but now I cannot feel so. The loveliness and gentleness of her nature, make her a slave to gratitude, and for the sake of him who once saved her life she is willing to suffer. It shall not be so. I cannot live and have it so. I will not thus wrong her. She shall be free from the restraint which the outlawed presence imposes upon her.
>
> "And so, my friend, we leave Farworth, but I would not so far forget my obligations to you as to go and leave you no clue to our whereabouts. We go to the house of John McDougal, near Kildiel Cliff, close upon the Wash of Eden. You will see the Lady Lorinda after you read this. Tell her—God's blessing be upon her! For so prays your thankful, grateful friend, ELROY CLIFTON."

There was a post-script, asking pardon if any wrong had been done in thus leaving Farworth; and when that had been read, Silverthorne folded the missive, and asked Lorinda what she thought of it. If he had looked upon her while he had been reading he would have seen that she trembled violently; that she changed color often; and that more than once she wiped a gathering moisture from her eyes. But she had in a measure overcome what she feared might be looked upon as a weakness, though she was not fully prepared to answer the question which had been asked.

"I think," pursued the old man, as he received no reply, "that the youth has shown a proper disposition. I ought to have seen him. I should not have left him so long."

"Say, rather," spoke Lorinda, quickly and earnestly, "that *I* ought to have seen him. It was my shrinking from him that led him to this step. Shall you follow him?"

"Yes, as soon as I can."

"And you will bear to him a message?"

"Yes."

"Then tell him that he misjudged Lorinda Verbrook. But—I can say no more. Heaven grant that I may see him again. Should harm befall him, I should be most miserable; for I could not put away the conviction that my negligence led him to flee from his safe shelter. Do not dispute me, for I know what I say. Follow him—save him from danger—and believe that my prayers go with you!" And with this the maiden turned abruptly away, to hide emotions which she could not repress.

* * * * * * *

Silverthorne went as far as the boundary of Westmoreland, and succeeded in gaining intelligence which satisfied him—aye, assured him—that Elroy and Darwood had passed that point in safety. This relieved his mind of the burden cast upon it by the evident mission of Samus McDowd; and, as he had most pressing business elsewhere, he could not follow the fugitives farther. He could only pray that God would be merciful to them, and trust that all would come out well in the end. He returned and reported to Lorinda what he had learned; and then told her that he was going away, to be gone several days.

"I may be gone a week," he said, "and perhaps more; but it matters not, for the few days, one way or the other. When I return I hope new gleams of joy may come with me. And in the meantime, may the sweet angels of peace and resignation be with thee!"

He kissed her hand, and hurried away; and after he was gone, she repeated to herself the words he had spoken, and wondered what they could mean.

On the following day Owen Murdock came over, and asked Lorinda to accompany him to Cheswold. He said that Gerald had gone, and that he was very lonesome. He talked so earnestly, so tenderly, and with so much of apparent affection, that the maiden trusted him with all confidence, and felt anxious to please him. So she called Ellen, and bade her prepare for the visit; and, having made such arrangements with her servants for the conduct of affairs during her absence as she deemed necessary, she set forth. Ellen did not like the idea much—she liked Farworth better than Cheswold—but her mistress laughed at her whims, and promised her that she should have a pleasant visit. They reached the Manor-house in season for a late dinner; and after that Owen seemed to exert himself in every possible way to make his visitors happy and comfortable. When the lady and her attendant retired for the night, the latter was almost inclined to believe that their dark host was not such a bad man after all; but still she expressed herself with some reservation. She seemed rather to hope, than to believe, in Owen Murdock's honesty. Lorinda laughed at her, and told her that suspicious people would always find enough to suspect. Whereupon Ellen quietly remarked that too confiding people were often most cruelly deceived.

"Never mind," said the lady, as they were ready for retiring. "I shall not stay here a great while. Though I think there is no possible danger of any deception on the part of our host, still I like my own home the best. Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

"Good-night!" repeated Ellen. And then she added, more earnestly than was her wont—"God and good angels watch over and protect you!"

* * * * *

While the fair visitors slept, there were wakeful ones at Cheswold. In a dark corner of the park, beneath the shelter of a small arbor, stood Owen Murdock and his son. They knew that Samus McDowd had failed in his work, and that he was dead, and they also believed that Elroy Clifton had for the while escaped them. But that was no time for entertaining a thought of failure.

"We shall find the young rascal yet," said Owen. "He shall not escape us. But he is gone now, and we must turn our attention to the next important step. Go you into Cumberland to the place we have chosen, and I will join you there with Lorinda."

"When?" asked the son.

"I shall start as soon as possible—I hope tomorrow. But I will meet you there, and SHE shall be with me, if we both live!"

Gerald Murdock pressed his father's hand in token of his readiness to obey, and then glided away from the arbor, and was quickly lost to sight in the thick obscurity of the night.

Owen, when he had seen his son depart, returned to the house, and, ere he slept, he had completed his arrangements, as far as the plot was concerned, for cementing the bond that was to bind the heiress of Farworth to his unholy purpose.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

HELEN'S REVENGE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

I was but fifteen, and I loved books and study above all other things until George Elliott came. No one else had ever treated me with attention, at least that respectful homage which man pays to woman. No one but he had observed that my mind had expanded beyond my years, and that a woman's soul—proud, ambitious, thoughtful yet passionate—dwelt beneath the angular and undeveloped awkwardness of my child's form. I had learned to love George, and thought, with reason, that he loved me; but I one day found that I had made a mistake. I overheard him telling a friend that he had only been amusing himself with me, and he laughed at the idea that "such a *child*" as I, could make an impression on his mature heart. Besides, he wanted a rich wife, and I was portionless; so, he would woo my cousin Florence for her two hundred thousand dollars, telling his companion, Francis Copway, that *to him* he would resign all claim to *me*.

The last relic of my child-nature vanished in that terrible hour. While my heart first throbbed wildly, then lay like lead beneath my bosom, I let the soft summer wind blow over my face to remove all traces of the tears I had shed, and allowed one thought, so dire and dark that I shrank horrified when it first sprang, fully formed, Minerva-like, from my brain, to take entire possession of my being.

This thought was of revenge, and it became very sweet at last. Before I left my retreat my plan was formed, though time alone could develope all its details.

That evening, George Elliott, as usual, sat by my side. I inferred that the opportunity he sought of offering himself to my cousin Florence had not been granted him. He had not the air of a rejected lover, or I might have placed him in that class. Changed as I was—changed utterly—I yet could see that there was no change in him. I meant to work on, and ere that evening ended I saw that my charm was taking effect. And, to crown my efforts with a grand culmination, I allowed him then first to hear my voice; and while the buzz of conversation in the rooms was hushed to perfect silence, and all listened, as I was afterwards told, as if spell-bound, I saw him alone, and saw that he was my victim.

That night George Elliott first loved me, and that night commenced my revenge.

The next day I remained in my room. My pretence of illness was not all pretence, but I had made just the impression I desired, and I would not see him again.

Next morning George Elliott went on a journey, and I knew that he left his heart behind him. Yet not in the keeping of my cousin Florence, for she was querulous and evidently deeply disappointed. She had counted on an offer from him, but I felt sure that it had not been made. I knew it would be made, and resolved that it should be another step in my revenge.

Two years passed away. I had entered society, and had become, although my first season was not over, a brilliant belle. I had ingratiated myself with my uncle, for I knew a secret that I meant hereafter to turn to my advantage with him. And I played off all the artillery of my charms upon his guests, until I was heralded, long in advance of my entrance into society, as a star of wonderful brilliancy about to rise in the social firmament. Meanwhile I had learned that Francis Copway loved me, and had promised to become his wife. I owed him a debt of gratitude for generous defence of me, I respected and admired him, and willingly accepted him, stipulating only that our engagement should be secret. He made no objection. I think he even found a romantic pleasure in the concealment, and loved to see me the idol of society, while secretly belonging to him, who was a poor and fervid toiler, admitted for his talents to the charmed circle, but having little part in the alien scene.

Again and again I found George Elliott at my feet. Again and again I rejected his suit, though I admitted him to a friendly intimacy which he was too much my captive to be able to scorn. At last, desperate at these repeated failures, harassed by debts, and anxious, perhaps, to punish me, and try if indeed I had a heart to feel, he offered himself to Florence, whose admiration of him had long been unconcealed. He was accepted, and though my uncle had strong objections to him on account of his dissolute and reckless habits, they were married, and Florence went from the door of her childhood's home, with but a cold farewell from her father.

A year afterwards the old man died, and then the plot which had been thickening developed itself in part. My uncle's will made me sole heiress of his vast estates, and then the world first learned that which I had long known, that Florence was but his adopted child, destitute even of my claim to kinship. And so the Elliotts, with all their luxurious tastes and expensive habits, were left in utter poverty. George Elliott had the luxury of a poor wife at last, when the question of his ability to afford it was already settled.

My plot developed rapidly then. As soon as my period of mourning was over I married. I was mistress of the lovely home of my late uncle, and the home where Florence had hoped to reign; and the man to whom Elliott had once so tauntingly resigned me, was master of one of the finest estates in the country, accepted by me while still poor, after repeated rejections of the hand of the arch fascinator

I had the almost adoring love of my husband; I was rich beyond my dreams; I was seated upon the throne of social power and influence, by acclamation a crowned queen. But I was not happy. I was my husband's friend; to his love I could make no return. My heart, once given to another, I had never been able to reclaim. Every pang I inflicted on that other recoiled upon myself, and yet will, the insane desire for revenge, triumphed.

I watched the swift downfall of my enemy—my enemies—for I hated Florence with a hate as fervent, if less vindictive, than that I bestowed upon her husband. From the magnificent house to lodgings, to boarding-houses, becoming at every step less fashionable, then more and more dingy and unfashionable. I traced them as they tried to hide themselves from every eye that had looked upon them in their day of pride. My own eyes saw Elliott, in seedy garments—the remnants of the wardrobe that was once the envy and admiration of his imitators—shrinking from store to store, up dirty stairs to dim offices and noisome warehouses, in search of the employment which was to interpose between them and starvation. And when I knew that his pride was thoroughly humbled, and that he had failed in every effort, I knew that the time I had waited for had come.

Francis was a student, and he left all things to me, else he would, ere this, have interposed. But I had caused him to believe that Florence and her husband had been provided for long before.

How shall I relate the remainder of my sad story?

I drove into the city one summer morning, when I knew my victims were lying hopeless at the bottom of the steep grade of poverty, and stopped first at my lawyer's for some papers I had caused to be prepared, then at my banker's for a sum of money. With these secured, I ordered the coachman to turn his horses' heads toward the dirty and almost unknown locality in which the Elliotts had found refuge. On my way I rehearsed my plans, how first I would tell the story of all I had suffered, of the scorn that had withered my girlish heart, of the ridicule that had roused my pride, of the conscious power that had planned and perfected my triumphant revenge. Then I would produce my papers, and present to my properly humiliated victims the title deeds of a small farm and pretty house upon the estate, together with money to furnish it, and to provide all necessary comforts; and I practiced the lofty gesture of dismissal with which, having abased them to the dust, I should turn from them forever, wishing George success at his ploughing, and the dainty Florence joy of her dairy.

It was in this spirit that I alighted at the door of a filthy tenement house, and made my way, through a noisome crowd that covered the pavement, and jostled on the stairs, to the room of the Elliotts. Strange whispers I heard in the crowd as I ascended, but I heeded them not, for I had no thought for aught but the sweetness of my coming revenge.

At last I stood within the door, but a deliverer more potent than I had preceded me. On a litter of rags lay stretched the body of the man over whom I had come to triumph. By his side crouched the woman over whose degradation I had gloated, and with wild eyes she glared upon the crowd that gathered round.

My revenge was balked. George Elliott had gone to the bar of Him who alone can revenge wrong Gone by his own hand, though I had driven him to suicide—I, who had withheld the means of his salvation. Before the mighty presence of this awful death I was powerless. The scene faded from my sight. I swooned, and fell, and my gorgeous silk flaunted like a pall above the dead man, and mingled with the rags of his maniac wife.

For years I was the unconscious inmate of a cell in a lunatic asylum, adjoining that in which raved and maundered my innocent victim.

Florence has never left that stony home, but I recovered—recovered to find myself forsaken, to find myself burdened with the wealth I had schemed for—all valueless unshared by him I only learned to love when he had forever left me.

Truly, my revenge has recoiled upon myself, and lonely, forsaken, hopeless of all earthly joy, I drag out the existence my own acts have poisoned—myself the chiefest victim of my cherished vengeance.

ANGELINE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Thou wert too pure and innocent
  For this dark, sinful earth
Where from each flower that we touch,
  A thorn springs into birth;
But, oh, thou didst seem unto me
  As if thou wert divine;
My every joy was in thy smile,
  My loved, lost Angeline.

How often have we wandered by
  Our native mountain stream,
And hand in hand together clasped,
  Would of the future dream;
While garlands fair of blooming flowers
  I twined around thy brow;
Ah! little dreamed I that my grief
  Would melt my heart—as now.

As fade the stars from out the skies
  At the approach of day,
So slowly thou didst fade, dear one,
  And from me pass away;
And as the sun sinks in the west,
  Will fainter, fainter shine,
So thou didst die to rise in Heaven,
  My angel Angeline.

THE MOUNTAIN FARM.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

I was riding, one evening in the autumn of 1835, on a lonely road in the northern part of New Hampshire—a road of which I knew little, except that it led to a village where I proposed to halt for the night.

The road wound away over some bleak-looking hills, and I did not care to follow it longer. In the valley at my right lay a ruined farm-house, whose chimney had tumbled to the ground, and was lying in a heap, half covered with shattered doors and window frames. Two unroofed barns stood at a little distance—the ground was uncultivated, and the farm wall hrown down. A gate, singularly resembling a gallows, led up into a ravine, traversed by a grass-grown road, wide enough to admit of the passage of a carriage, or even a heavily-loaded wagon. I followed it.

The bank was high above my head on one side, and covered with trees that were nearly leafless. On the other, a little brook came murmuring down from the mountains, and shaped its course towards a solitary corn barn mounted on piles that stood far out in the fields. A flock of crows, winging their heavy flight towards the woods, were the only living things I could see.

But at the end of the road I came suddenly upon a small plastered cottage, which I found to be deserted.

The moon shone brightly through the broken roof of a stable upon my right, and entering it, I found a dry stall for my horse, with plenty of hay and straw, while a clumsy-looking corn-bin, near the door, proved to be half full. I let him drink at the mountain stream, and, having introduced him to a soft couch and a royal feast, took my cloak and knapsack on my arm, my pistol case in my hand, and went up to the house. It was an easy thing to gain admittance, and I stood at once in a square kitchen, whose three windows looked out upon the lawn, and the road by which I came. A comfortable looking settle, covered with crimson chintz, stood in one corner of the room, an old "eight-day-clock" in the other, a round table in the middle of the floor. Four doors opened from the apartment—one upon a staircase leading to the upper regions, one into a grim-looking cellar, a third into an empty sleeping-room, and the fourth into a "well-room"—a kind of shed, at one end of which a wooden shutter opened in the wall, above the well, and gave an opportunity of drawing water without leaving the house. Here was stored a quantity of dry wood and shavings, the sight of which made my heart glad. I raked the dead ashes from the hearth, wondering the while whose hand had lit the blaze that produced them, and with the help of my match case and a few old letters, soon had the satisfaction of warming my benumbed hands over a roaring fire. I drew the sofa and round table up before it, and rummaging my knapsack, which was always well stored for emergencies, I placed upon the latter a pocket-flask of wine, a small loaf, the best half of a cold fowl, some fine fruit, my cigar case, and the third volume of "Wurthering Heights," which I was reading for the second time. The grim-looking doors, and the three blank-staring windows annoyed me. But I soon secured the former by the simple contrivance of a wooden button turned down over the latch, which, however insecure, could not be burst off without my knowledge: and, as for the latter, there was no curtains, and they must be endured. I rubbed my hands complacently as I looked around my quarters. True, they were dusty, and dirty, and deserted; but with the warm firelight quivering in every corner, and shining so brightly that I could see distinctly how the hands of the eight-day-clock pointed always to twelve, they seemed a most respectable refuge for the Lares and Penates of a storm-tossed wanderer like myself. I left them all alight, and went out for a moment to see if all was secure in the stable, before I gave myself fairly up to the enjoyment of the evening.

The low neigh of my horse told me his approval of all I had done for him, as soon as I entered the stable; and loosening his saddle girths a little, I allowed him to eat the bit of bread I had brought from my hand, and left him. The moon was fairly up now, and shining splendidly in a deep blue sky without a cloud. The hills, on either side of the cottage, were wrapped in a golden haze; I heard distinctly the subdued stir and rustle of the leaves in the forest, and the little brook purling down by the high road—not a sound else. My blood flowed calmly through my veins; I leaned upon a broken gate that led into the glen of evergreens, and drank in the beauty and the music of the night. It was a delicious pause in existence—a sense of rest and sweetness stealing in upon the bustle of my daily life—much as, in the full progress of an opera, amid the clash and clang of many brazen trumpets, and the rolling of the drums, I have heard a single strain from a flute mingle with the chorus, distinct from all, yet hushing all to silence, and warbling on alone so sweetly, so sadly that I could not keep from tears. I fancied that in so fair a retreat I could live for years, alone and happy. The place no longer resembled La Trappe, it was a second Garden of Eden, and I, its Adam, far happier than the first, because I neither had, nor cared to have, an Eve.

The fire sent a ruddy glow through the bare windows and far out upon the lawn, as if it was welcoming me back again. I went up towards the house, and pausing under the great maple tree, looked into the kitchen. What! Beside the hearth sat a tall, fierce-looking man, in the dark blue woolen frock of a New England farmer, bending over towards the blaze to examine the handle of an axe which he was making. Just opposite, a woman with a handsome, but somewhat too determined, face, sat knitting, and a little dark-haired child, herself in miniature, played, at her feet, with the ball of yarn. They did not speak or move, but they were there for a moment—I could swear to that! Then a mist seemed to come over everything, and when I had rubbed my eyes, and the fire blazed up again, the room was just as I had left it, a little time before. I was neither timid nor superstitious, and ghosts were a standing joke with me. Yet, for a moment I was almost stunned. Then I looked up at the bright night sky, and in at the warm room—"Pshaw! I have been dreaming!" I said aloud, and going in, fastened the outer door carefully behind me, and prepared to be comfortable.

My supper was soon over, and lighting my cigar, and putting my feet on either side of the fender, I began to read. But every now and then, between the puffs, my eye wandered round the room, and towards the uncurtained windows. It made me nervous when I thought how little I knew what might be standing outside in the darkness, watching me. In the midst of the solemn stillness that reigned through the house, a death-watch began to tick in the wall. I finished the last chapters of the book, and the picture of the dead "Heathcliffe," lying stark and stiff in the oaken bed, with his black eyes open and his white teeth showing in a diabolical smile, was not peculiarly calculated to improve my spirits.

I laid the volume by, and arranged my things in the knapsack again, with a spinster-like precision, acquired in the course of my long rambles and solitary life. I said to myself, as I did so, that all was ready, in case I wished to hurry away—and then I started at the thought and wondered why it came. Hurry away? Why should I do that? The room was comfortable—the house quiet and retired. Aye, "retired." A shriek or a call for help, uttered in that room, would hardly be heard, even upon the high road—and there were no neighbors near—but what was I dreaming of? I stirred the fire, and looking into the bright blaze, tried to call up the image of my cousin May, whom I had loved, as a boy, and who jilted me, that she might marry a rich man old enough to be her father—and mine. It was in vain. May and the May of my life had passed away together, and the sentimental grief of my youth had little power over me as a man. My thoughts wandered to other things, and pictured the rooms above the stairs, and the damp cellar below. I fancied what I should say or do, if the doors I had fastened, should open, or if I should wake suddenly in the night, and find something bending over me. Then I wondered why the house was deserted, and how the other, at the foot of the hill, happened to be in ruins, who the people were that had lived there, and where they were then, and so on, till a great nod, that almost sent me into the middle of the blaze, made me aware of the fact that I was exceedingly sleepy. I turned my couch from the windows and towards the fire, which was quite safe upon the wide stone hearth, and leaving my pistols within reach, wrapped my cloak around me, and so "fell on sleep."

Like John Bunyan, I "dreamed a dream." Between me and that friendly hearth a gulf seemed to have opened, which no one might cross. I lay upon one side, and voices came indistinctly from the other, and faces shone in the firelight like faces of the dead. There was the dark-browed farmer, bending over the unfinished ax-helve; there the woman knitting, and the little child upon the floor between them. I had seen them all that evening, but not as now. There were angry words—there was passionate weeping—and the little child played tranquilly through it all. Then the farmer's face flushed darkly, as if black blood was mounting to his brow; he sprang to his feet, and shook the glittering axe above the woman's head. But she—"she was no churl"—looked up with a proud and scornful smile; the next moment the sharp blade crashed through her brain, and throwing up her hands with a convulsive effort, she fell heavily upon her face, and died. The little child screamed loudly and crept towards her; but the murderer, standing dumb but for a moment, dragged the bleeding body across the floor, and thrust it down into the dark cellar. Then snatching up the shrieking infant, he rushed from the room. I heard a smothered cry—a sullen plunge—then a door shut heavily, and all was still. Nothing remained to speak of the fearful tragedy but the vacant seats, the glimmering ax, and the half-finished stocking lying in a pool of blood, that was soaking into the ashes on the hearth. The old clock in the corner struck twelve—a shudder crept over me, and I knew no more.

The gray light of morning was tinging the sky beyond the hills when I awoke. The fire was moldering on the hearth, the room quiet, and without a trace to remind me of my ugly dream, but it was fresh in my memory, and not for worlds would I have lingered there. I was ill and feverish, and longing for a draught of cold water, I found my way out through the well-room, and unbarred the shutter at the further end. The cold air blew upon my forehead refreshingly, the moon was still shining faintly in the sky, and the bare hills and the dark glen before me, gave me a better idea of the highlands of Scotland, than anything I had ever seen. I could almost see the heather blooming at my feet, and the broom corn nodding upon "fairy knowes," while a little stretch of fancy painted a blue-eyed, golden-haired lassie, with snood and plaid, wandering far out in the glen, and singing to herself, in a happy voice, about "Young Lochinvar," or the "Blue Bonnets over the Border." As I mused at the open window, I drew the water from the well by means of the old-fashioned "well-sweep" attached, my eyes still fixed upon the moonlit hills, while the pole was passing through my hands. Gurgling and dripping, the bucket mounted slowly to the brim, and resting it on the narrow shelf, I bent down to drink from its mossy edge. Good God! It was not filled with water, but with blood, and hanging by its garments, from the iron hook upon the pole, was the body of the little dark-haired child, its hands clenched, its eyes wide open and fixed, and a gaping, bloody wound in the throat, where a necklace of beads, with which the murdered mother had decked her darling, still remained! I could neither move nor cry out, but the bucket fell from my trembling hands, and sank, with a loud plash, deep in the well again. When I could move I crept into the adjoining room, and snatching up my things, hurrried out from the accursed place. A shrill neigh greeted me as I closed the door, and my horse came galloping up from the stable, covered with perspiration, and trembling in every limb. Without daring to search out what had terrified him, or even to imagine what it might be, I fastened my cloak and knapsack upon the saddle, and mounting, galloped away. I cast one look back at the house; a dull, red glow shone through the windows, and figures were moving about within. Through the ravine we hurried, past the solitary corn-barn in the fields, past the maple woods, the running brook, and the gallows-like gate, and so out upon the high road, and by the ruined house at the foot of the hill. As we dashed out at full speed, horse and man rejoicing to be away, a farmer, walking soberly along towards the village, looked up, and giving a loud yell, was about to take to his heels. But I stopped him, and having with some difficulty convinced him that I was in the flesh, like himself, asked about the place where I had passed the night.

"Eh! it's haunted!" he said, with a frightened stare.

"I can well believe that. But tell me how long it has been so."

"When I was a boy, John Ewing lived there, and his wife and child—little Marian that was. And 'twas there he killed them both—split the skull of the woman with his broad ax on the very hearth, and cut the baby's throat before he threw her into the well, at the back of the house."

I shuddered from head to foot when I recalled the vision I had seen.

"Why did he do it?"

"Eh—it's hard telling. Nobody just knows how the devil jogs a man's elbow when the time comes. Some say it was the drink—I don't know. But I went to see him hung on that same gallows gate you just now rode through. I thought it was old John himself at first."

"Has any one lived there since?"

"One man did try it, and he was glad enough to give it up, I can tell you. He has farmed the land and used the barns till lately, and now he swears he will have nothing more to do with the place. Queer things have been seen there, as I have heard say." He looked keenly at me. "Perhaps you have seen something yourself, sir."

"Yes—far more than I wish I had. They can tell you nothing about the place that is not true, believe me—for if I ever saw any one in my life, I saw this John Ewing, as you call him, and his wife and child, last night."

The man's ruddy face turned pale.

"Eh? Murdering, and such like, was he?"

"Yes. Good day I thank you for your kindness."

I rode on before him to the village, for I hardly liked to speak of the thing, even in that growing daylight on the hills. By nightfall I was far away, and I have never visited the spot since then. Yet—even as I write these words, in the parlor of a Welsh cottage, before a blazing fire, with familiar voices and cheerful laughter close at hand—I look out upon the snowy roads and the twilight sky, and my thoughts go back to that lonely night among the Green Mountains—I see the shadowy forms and the ax that gleams on high—I hear the smothered shriek of the child—the bucket mounts slowly from the well, with the bleeding body hanging over the brim—dark faces look upon me from the corners of the room—a chill shudder shakes me from head to foot—the pen drops from my trembling fingers—I can write no more!

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EL PASO DEL INFIERNO.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

On the road from Monterey to Pesqueira Grande, and about four leagues from the former place, is the noted *Paso del Infierno*, or Pass of the Evil One. It is the northern termination of a valley; enclosed by ridges of the Sierra Madre, which at this point, appear to have been split asunder by some natural convulsion, expressly for the passage of this road.

From the cobaltic veins of the mountain, cropping out into the valley, flows a little transparent, poisonous stream, which, after leaping playfully from rock to rock, reaches the path, which it crosses, and recrosses, mocking the thirst of the traveler, and tempting him to drink of its deadly waters.

To deter him, however, and as a caution not to permit his road-heated animals to imbibe from this poisonous fountain, there is rudely pictured upon either side of the cliffs, a gigantic representation of a death's head and cross bones; such as the careful apothecary pastes upon the bottles and packages containing his deadliest drugs.

At the time I passed the spot, the loose rocks were thickly planted with wooden crosses, those Spanish emblems of murder, telling the traveler that the pass was the frequent scene of assassination and robbery; that crime and violence here lay in wait for their victims.

Near the poisonous streamlet, and almost in the path, was one of these crosses, already embrowned by exposure, upon one of the arms of which, was nailed by the wrist, a man's right hand. This loathesome object, the skin and tendons of which still clung to the bones, was so contrived as to grasp a naked dagger, with its blade rusted with the blood of some hapless victim of assassination. Concerning this fearful spectacle, Jose Maria, the faithful and intelligent guide, who usually accompanied me in my wanderings, told the following tale:

"Don Vecinte Ziminez, who lives in the hacienda we passed just before we entered the valley, is a rich man, or rather was; but the greatest treasure he possessed, was his beautiful daughter, la Señorita Ana. She was the pride of his heart, and many were the youths—sons of the better class of haciendados, who had knelt to her loveliness, and aspired to her hand. Among these was Pedro Canales, a nephew of General Canales; he who six months ago was the leader of the guerilleros of New Leon. And Don Vecinte, you remember, was formerly governor of Monterey. But the favored suitor of the fair Ana, was Jacinto Sanchez, whose father was the nearest neighbor of Don Vecinte, and whose hacienda commences half a league from where we now are, and occupies the valley we are about to enter. Jacinto and Ana had grown up from childhood together, being in almost daily intercourse, and instructed by the same tutors; so that they had come to regard each other with the affection of brother and sister. But when, after an absence of four years in Madrid, whither he had been to complete his studies—the young man returned to his native valley, and discovered the developed beauties of his former playmate, his boyish attachment suddenly assumed the character of a stronger and more passionate love. Ana, also, was struck with the favorable change, which a residence among the polished Madrianos had wrought in the handsome youth.

"Don Vecinte welcomed the return of the young man warmly; and it was soon rumored that he was the accepted lover of the fair Ana Ziminez.

"All the Señorita's former admirers congratulated them upon their approaching marriage, save Pedro Canales, who regarding the happy Jacinto as a rival in the affections of one, he was vain enough to suppose had looked upon him with preference—declared that the wedding should never be consummated, and with a dogged manner, shunned a meeting with his former friend.

"At length the time arrived, when Father Eusebio, the former instructor of Ana, and the venerable chaplain of the hacienda, was notified to be in readiness to celebrate the nuptials of the young people.

"Great preparations were made to signalize the event with hilarity. A fiesta was decided upon, to which all the friends of the parties were invited, as well as all those with whom they were acquainted, together with the peons and dependents of the two estates of Ziminez and Sanchez.

"Among the friends, the discarded Pedro Canales was not forgotten, and, as if regretting his long continued discourtesy, the guerrilla captain intimated his acceptance of the invitation; and all promised a happy celebration of the wedding festivities.

"Even before the sun had sunk behind the Sierra, the rancho Ziminez began to fill with the assembling guests, and by the time the moon flooded the valley with her early beams, the little plaza had become crowded with dancers, springing gaily to the lively notes of guitars and castanets.

"The happy Ana never appeared so lovely as that evening, when arrayed in white, and her dark tresses adorned with flowers, she impatiently awaited the arrival of her lover. Surrounded by her attendants, she watched for his coming through the pass.

"He was to make his appearance after the assemblage of the guests, accompanied by his relatives and the peons of his father's estate.

"The dancers were in the hight of enjoyment, when a ringing of the chapel bells announced the coming of the expected cavalcade of the husband-elect. All hastened to join the escort, at the outskirts of the village. But scarcely had they left the plaza when a few scattered horsemen dashed up the road, instead of the party for which the welcome peal was echoing along the valley, who were the heralds of a terrible catastrophe! *Jacinto Sanchez had been murdered in the Pass!*

"Horseman after horseman now rode into the plaza, confirming the fearful intelligence. The young man, on his way to the marriage altar, had been suddenly struck down in the Pass of the Evil One, by the knife of an assassin, and instead of the warm embrace of his waiting bride, the grave was now open for his lifeless body!

"When the terrible intelligence was communicated to the waiting bride, a wild, piercing cry broke from her, and was heard above all the sounds of grief that rose upon the air from that agitated crowd, and exclaiming—

"'*I know his murderer!*' the broken-hearted girl sank insensible into the arms of the attending women.

"For days and weeks she remained balancing between life and death. During this long period not a word was heard to pass her bloodless lips. She lay in a state of apathy, without indications of either pain or remembrance of the terrible event of that night.

"But one day, after awaking from a gentle and prolonged slumber, she opened her eyes, which were bright with the light of returned consciousness, and signed to one of her watchers to approach her bed, and in a feeble voice asked for her father.

"The woman, overjoyed to hear once more the voice of her mistress, informed her that her father had not for an hour left her side till that morning, when his presence had been required at the rancho of his neighbor, whither he had gone.

"'Ah, yes! I remember it all!' exclaimed the invalid, with a bitter sigh. 'But, Juana, tell me where is that fatal weapon that drank the life-blood of my Jacinto? I dreamed it was found upon his body!'

"'It was, senora,' answered the woman, 'and is in the possession of padre Eusebio.'

"'Bring it to me. I would see it.'

"The woman hesitated.

"'Nay, nay, Juana,—trust me. I shall return it to the good father unstained with other blood than that of my Jacinto. Bring it to me.'

"The girl spoke with a determined tone, which satisfied the woman of her sound mind; and leaving the room, soon returned with the dagger, the bright blade of which had been dimmed by the blood of the murdered youth still adhering to it.

"The girl received it with a shudder; and after examining its silver handle for a moment, cast it to the floor, exclaiming:

"'Yes, I knew it!—'tis *his!*'

"From that time Ana Ziminez rapidly recovered her physical health. But the memory of that awful night of the wedding fiesta, preyed continually upon her mind. Yet, withal, she seemed stayed by some inward strength, some steady purpose, which, once resolved upon, imparted to her character an almost masculine quality.

"Scarcely had three months passed after the murder of her lover, than, laying aside the garb of mourning she had assumed, she once more received the attentions of her former admirers. But to none did she extend so much apparent cordiality as to her old suitor, Pedro Canales. He was her almost constant attendant; and scarcely did a day pass, that the enamored guerilla was not either riding or walking by her side.

"One evening Ana proposed a ride to the gloomy Pass. She had been during that day unusually cheerful, and her sallies of mirth and wit had emboldened the young officer to declare his love and lay his heart at the feet of the beautiful girl. She had received the avowal with apparent encouragement; and as he pressed his suit, promised to give him an answer at the 'Pass of the Evil One.'

"'But that is a strange, wild spot to make love in,' said Canales, while a ghastly pallor spread over his face.

"'I know it!' replied the girl, laughing loudly. 'It has heretofore witnessed only scenes of blood and crime. But I have become a wild, whimsical creature, you know, Pedro, and so for once let us change the character of the place, and make the dark cliff bear witness to your lover vows!'

"So saying, she dashed down the valley toward the fatal pass, singing merrily as she rode, while her lover followed after her with mingled feelings of admiration and terror, for ever since the murder of Jacinto Sanchez, he had not ventured within the shadows of the ghost-haunted place.

"Darkness had closed down upon the fair valley, and yet the young people had not returned; and as hour after hour passed away without their return, the people of the rancho, fearful that some evil had befallen them, went out in search of them.

"Within the narrow gorge were found the horses they had ridden, tethered to the rocks. Lighted torches were with the party; and there by the cross that had been erected upon the spot, stained by the blood of the murdered Jacinto, a fearful sight met their gaze! It was the body of his affianced bride, his now forever, in death!

"With a smile of triumph now upon her lips, the beautiful Ana Ziminez had let out her own life, as was evident by the small stiletto grasped in her hand.

"But she had not died alone—for at a little distance lay the corpse of Pedro Canales, in a puddle of clotted blood. He had evidently met his death at the hands of the girl; and a deep-punctured wound upon the neck had let out his heart's blood. A knife lay upon the ground near the body of the young man, the right hand of which had been dissevered; and with the identical dagger found in the breast of Jacinto Sanchez confined in its grasp, had been nailed firmly to the wooden cross, where it has ever since remained.

"Such, Señor," said Jose Maria, as he again crossed himself, "is one of the stories of the Pass of the Evil One. But if those sad memories of crime could speak, they each, perhaps, could tell as sad a tale."

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QUIETNESS.—The more quiet and peaceably we get on, the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheat you, to quit dealing with him; if he be abusive, quit his company; if he slander you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

We have joys and truths deep as eternity committed to us in the egg form, and the shell must needs be chipped before they can be born, and fly full-fledged, singing, towards the gate of Heaven.

In every great man's soul there is a tinge of melancholy. In the recesses of the thick branches and leaves of the mighty oak, twilight lingers even through the mid day.

If you would be popular, by all means get married. If you have one person to exhaust your fretfulness on, you can probably manage to be civil to all the rest of the world.

Our happiness is promoted, not so much *by* the accomplishment of what we aim at, as *in* the accomplishment of it.

The slanderer, unfortunately, is like the wasp rather than the honey-bee; he doesn't usually lose his sting with the first use of it—but he sometimes does.

A firm faith is the best theology; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

Whilst we retain the power of rendering service and conferring favors, we experience ingratitude but seldom; afterwards always.

The nearest approach that an old bachelor ever makes to real happiness, is when he dreams or imagines himself married.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

Mourn not that you are weak and humble. The gentle breeze is better than the hurricane, the cheerful fire of the hearthstone than the conflagration.

The very poor are excusable for being radical. It is hard for a man to be conservative who has nothing to conserve.

The tombstone is but the materialized memory which watches over the green sod that has a face once fresh and a heart once warm beneath it.

Nothing can be more unintelligible than the writings of some of the old authors, except, perhaps, the commentators on them.

Read no bad or immoral book, except that of your own life and heart. Read that carefully. and revise it for a new and better edition.

He must be a fast man who keeps up with the news when it goes by telegraph two thousand miles a second.

Success is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.

Fools line the hedges which bound the road of life; what can the wise man do but smile when he passes along?

The mind is like a sheet of white paper in this, that the impressions it receives the oftenest and retains the longest, are black ones.

Don't envy those who know more than yourself: but you may well pity those who know less.

Fancy restrained may be compared to a fountain which plays highest by diminishing the aperture.

All persons know when they are knaves, few when they are fools.

Lip-service is considered discreditable to a Christian, but it is a delightful thing between two lovers.

When men have agreed to fight a duel, they generally compromise their differences and themselves.

Lawyers, doctors and women are all fee-males.

Every member of the human family has certainly a very large family connection.

Our happiness has often as much to fear from the fruition of our hopes as from their disappointment.

True honor is to honesty what the court of chancery is to common law.

We are never beneath hope while above hell, nor above hope while beneath Heaven.

The greatest truths are the simplest, so are the greatest men.

He who is indifferent to praise is generally lost to shame.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

A savage watch-dog broke loose from its fastenings, in Chicago, one night, not long since, and attacked a little child that was passing along with her mother. The frantic mother seized the dog, in attempting to rescue her child, and the ferocious brute turning upon her, mangled her so severely that her life was despaired of. The dog had to be shot before she could be rescued.

A stranger, in looking about the city one evening recently, for the purpose of discovering the haunts of the "elephant," stepped into a den in Cherry street, which that animal happened just then to be infesting in a wild state, and the result was that the curious stranger was severely wounded in the side and trampled almost to death.

A young man, named Frederick Harper, while standing under a large tree near St. Louis, during a recent thunder storm, was struck and instantly killed by lightning; four companions, standing by him, were struck at the same time, but not seriously injured, and his brother, who had taken refuge in a hollow of the tree, escaped unhurt.

A couple of brothers, who had breakfasted at their mother's house at Union Springs, Ala., went into the sitting-room, when one of them, seizing a double-barrelled gun that stood near, exclaimed to the other "You have threatened to shoot me; but I will shoot you first," then shot him dead and fled.

A night watchman, on South street, detected a couple of river thieves making free with portable property on the deck of a vessel lying at the wharf, and attempted to arrest them; but they threw him into the dock, and made off with what they could carry, leaving him to get ashore as best he could.

A physician of considerable reputation in Davenport, Iowa, who was an ardent investigator of science and a devotee to his profession, recently fell a victim to his enthusiasm, by taking too large a dose of chlorate of potass, with which he was experimenting on himself.

A horse ran away with a wagon, in which were two men, in Winona, Minn.: in going down a steep hill both men were thrown out of the vehicle, one of whom had his neck broken, while the other escaped without a scratch.

A ferocious dog, belonging to a man of kindred nature living in Gowanus, attacked a group of boys playing in the street, a short time since, and lacerated one of them so severely that it was thought to be doubtful if he would recover.

A company of seven young men, drugged the refreshments of a donation party at Sandgate, Vt., a short time since, and the result was the serious illness of many, and the death of one young girl. A part of the miscreants have been arrested, and the others have fled.

There is said to have been a great rush of divorce business in the legislature of Washington Territory during its last session, and one woman, whose bill of divorce had passed one branch of the legislature, married before it had been acted on by the other branch.

A woman who was supposed to have died, in Woburn, Mass., recently, was being prepared for burial, when she came to life, to the great consternation of those who were in the room. Two days afterwards she died finally.

A man was found one morning, recently, lying in the street in Philadelphia, with his throat cut. He was able to tell his name, and that he had been robbed by two men.

A lady living in Covington, Ky., threw a revolver cartridge in the fire one day a short time since, which exploded, and the ball hitting her in the eye extinguished its sight beyond the hope of restoration.

A couple of colliers, working in a coal pit at Negee, Va., were killed, a short time since, by the explosion of coal gas that had accumulated therein.

A married woman, living in New Haven, Ct., who was subject to fits of depression arising from long-continued ill health, drowned herself and her babe.

A young man who had been disappointed in love, in Philadelphia, cut his throat a short time since, in a fit of romantic melancholy.

A butcher living in Pittsfield, Mass., lately ran away with his servant girl, leaving his wife and three children in a starving condition.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

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MAY-DAY.

Two hundred years ago everybody went a-Maying in England. Lords and ladies, as well as the "common folk," were up betimes on May morning, and off to the woods and fields for wreaths and garlands. Shakspeare intimates that the jovial crowds made such a tremendous row with their horns, drums and cymbals, that it was impossible to sleep after the commencement of the Calathumpian Concert. The Puritans, however, abolished May-day merriment, with much other wholesome fun, and our old friends of Plymouth Rock, who did not forget to bring their prejudices with them in the hurry of their flight from persecution, set their faces as flint against all such vanities.

In the days of the Von Twillers and the Stuyvesants, however, the people of Nieuw Amsterdam did not disdain to be jolly on the first of May An old picture representing a group of steeple-hatted *bachelors* and many-petticoated *fraüleins* dancing round a May-pole supposed to have been planted near the Bowling Green, was extant in this city, we believe, some six or eight years ago.

Modern New Yorkers have a different way of celebrating the day. They *move*. A species of insanity scarcely less ludicrous than that said to be caused by the bite of the tarantula takes possession of them. About the hour at which English men and maidens started for the woods and hedge-rows in the May-days of "auld lang syne," the ladies of Gotham commence exchanging houses. The aspect of the city is that of a place about to be stormed—the female inhabitants generally having the air of distracted wives and daughters fleeing with their moveables from a rapacious and implacable foe.

The men have a homeless look, as if they belonged nowhere. Irish cotters just evicted from their cabins could scarcely seem more disconsolate. The places that knew them, know them no more! But the ladies, like curlews in a hurricane, are said to exult in the hurly-burly. Some of them certainly scream like curlews, if that is any sign of inward satisfaction. All men, except carmen, deem it wise to give them a wide berth while superintending the exodus of their household gods. Metaphysicians who profess to understand the workings of the feminine mind, assert, however, that underlying the irritability which *moving* ladies exhibit, is a stratum of pleasant anticipations that compensate them for every annoyance. Like Dean Swift, they can even joke over their broken and ruined goods and chattels, for already are they in treaty with upholsterers, cabinet-makers and carpet-dealers; and coming lace and damask tapestry, sets of rosewood and brocatelle, and gorgeous Axminsters, cast their shadows, or rather their glories, before. Of course, these resplendencies are only for the dames of the Dollarocracy; but every fair "motor" expects to make *some* addition to her household plenishing, and rejoices in the expectation.

This year the stampede will be a "big thing." Never before have we seen such an eruption of "To Lets" as has broken out in the highways and byways of this metropolis within the last two months. If ladies, like leopards, could not change their spots, some families that we wot of would be much happier than they are.

◆

LYING ADVERTISEMENTS.

A glance at the advertising columns of our daily papers reveals the fact that the conscience of the community has never taken the business of advertising under its control. There are many men in New York whose word, in all ordinary circumstances, may be taken, because their word is generally true; but let them sit down to write an advertisement, and they fall into a wild frenzy of lying. To the public they can tell a thousand lies without the slightest scruple or the least remorse; and, what is strange, the public appear to *expect* to be lied to, and never think of resenting it. We can recollect no sermon, lecture, book of morality, or Advice to Young Men, which had a word to say in reprobation of lying advertisements.

But lying is lying, whether the lie is spoken or printed. A man of honor never lies. There is something wrong in the moral constitution of any one who, in any circumstances, or for any reason, can utter words intended to deceive. A man has not taken the first step in virtue till he is incapable of falsehood; for lying is of the nature of cowardice, and is the natural ally of meanness and greediness.

But it is not the immorality of lying advertisements that astonishes us so much as their silliness. Can it be good policy to assert that a common cathartic pill is a certain, an absolutely infallible remedy for fifteen diseases? Who believes it? And suppose there are still in this country, to the shame of our civilization and our schools, people so besottedly ignorant of the human body, as to think it possible for *any* pill to cure consumption, bronchitis, neuralgia, and the rest, are there not more who know better? A lying advertisement repels as well as attracts, and, we think, repels more than it attracts.

An opinion prevails that these shameless advertisers all make rapid fortunes. It is, indeed, natural to infer, that a man who expends a hundred thousand dollars a year in advertising, must be doing a large and profitable business. Large, it must be; but it is seldom profitable; and never profitable long, if the advertising is essentially false. Advertising is great and effectual only when the thing advertised meets a public want.

Still, these lying advertisements, stupid as they are, do a great deal of harm among the weak, credulous and ignorant. Every intelligent physician knows that many cases of disease derive all their difficulty, obstinacy and dangerousness from the previous "pill-eating" habits of the patient. The body has lost its resisting and self-preservative power; it greedily absorbs the poison of the epidemic, and is likely to sink under a very ordinary attack. It is the pill-devouring portion of the community that fall first before the cholera, the smallpox, the diptheria, or whatever disease may chance to be prevalent.

Before the millennium comes, there must be a far higher standard of morality in the world than has ever yet prevailed. Imagine the *horror* of a truly intelligent and virtuous community upon learning, for the first time, that there are men willing to try to gain money by selling poison to poor, ignorant people, under the name of medicine, and telling them that it will cure every known disease in a few hours! Yet this is done, in the United States, a hundred thousand times a day, without exciting surprise or remark. We use the word poison because the active principle of most advertised medicines *is* poison. Take from the advertising medicine-dealer these three ingredients, namely, ARSENIC, OPIUM, MERCURY, and his occupation is as good as gone.

◆

MODERN ANTIQUES.

A picture or a statue should be valued according to its intrinsic merits, not merely for its age or rarity, or the name of its author. The fine arts have not been retrograding while every thing else has been progressing, and it is our belief, that modern painting and modern sculpture are as worthy of modern praise, as the mutilated legacies of the artists and statuaries of antiquity. One thing is certain, viz., that those who hold a different opinion, and are rich enough to indulge their fancy for the antique, are awfully victimized. A recent work on the fine arts opens up the whole system of deception. The number of articles of *vertu* manufactured in Italy every year, and sold to gaping greenhorns, who wish to be thought connoisseurs, is something enormous. But it is not alone the greenhorns who are taken in. Men who have made ancient art the study of their lives, are befooled. The fact is, that there are artists in Italy who copy old paintings, sculptures, &c., with such exactitude, and imitate so closely the stains and marks with which time and accident have defaced the originals, that it is all but impossible to distinguish the counterfeits from the real Simon Pures, even when they are placed side by side. Probably more than one half of the so-called "works of the old masters," now in this country, are modern copies. In England the famous collection at Blenheim House—lately destroyed by fire—turns out to have been utterly spurious, and several of the "gems" in the National Gallery are more than suspected of being "bogus." The getters-up of the *fac-similes*, poor fellows, realize but little by their skill as copyists. They supply their counterfeits to the dealers in pictures and articles of *vertu*, at almost nominal prices; well satisfied if they can make enough to keep a shelter over their heads and pay for their maccaroni. The sharks who prey alike upon them, and upon would-be patrons of the Arts, sometimes sell for hundreds and even thousands of guineas, paintings which have only cost them a few zechini. Young America in doing Europe, is often pretty extensively *done* by these gentry. He likes the antique, "you know," and "goes in" for a general assortment of the musty and the rusty, "regardless of expense." Venerable America, too, if ambitious of being considered one of the cognoscenti, is sure to have his wants assiduously attended to at home. The number of excellent old gentlemen in various parts of the United States, who erroneously suppose themselves to be in possession of valuable pictures by the old masters, is quite large. The Italian antiquity factors have few better markets than this country.

◆

POPULAR SWINDLES.

A subscriber in Chattanooga, Miss., writes us that he has been badly victimized by lottery dealers, who have got much money out of him without ever returning the slightest equivalent. They send him circulars full of promises, which they take precious good care never to keep; and his experience with "gift-enterprise" men has been of a like melancholy and ruinous character. "These swindlers," says our correspondent, "just pocket the funds and laugh at us for being so easily duped. Every day, by mail and by express, funds are going to them from this and other places in the South, but nothing ever returns. Can't you give them a raking through the Ledger?"

We have so frequently exposed the adventurers to whom our Mississippi friend alludes, that we are surprised that any reader of the Ledger should be imposed upon by them at this late day. Lottery dealers and "gift-enterprise" people, like other gamblers, "take all the chances" when they play with greenhorns. It is always "heads, *I win*, and tails, *you lose*," with them. It is an immutable law of their business that people *who send them money shall not get the value of it in return;* and as our correspondent says, they only laugh at the fools who are green enough to send them money. Let every man, therefore, refuse to deal with them in any way, shape or manner whatever. No other course is safe.

◆

SO FOND OF CHILDREN.

What worse enemies have children than people who boast of being particularly fond of them? Fond, indeed! There are two kinds of fondness, one which seeks the good of the child, and another which craves gratification for self. To take pleasure in giving pleasure to a child, when that pleasure is deleterious to its young life, is one of the extremes of selfishness. To deny a child hurtful pleasures is often most generous, because not only is the child saved from injury, but an act of *self*-denial is performed. What the children of this generation want, above all things, is to be let alone more. They are petted too much, too much fondled, too much flattered. They are so deluged with toys and so continually provided with pleasures, that they enjoy nothing. An exacting, crusty old father, provided he were honest and good, were far better for a child than these new-fashioned parents who gratify their children's desires, and never think of their lasting interests.

◆

COSTLY HOUSEKEEPING.

The Queen of England and her spouse are not considered extravagant for people in their line of life, but the totals of their quarterly bills for housekeeping, wages, &c., must be something frightful, notwithstanding. We learn from an English paper that the number of persons at present employed in their personal service is over nine hundred. Besides these there are the royal huntsmen and whippers-in, and two more households in Scotland and Ireland—so that the entire number of employees, most of whom do nothing, but nearly all of whom are well paid, is about fifteen hundred. Among this crowd of locusts are an hereditary armor-bearer, who never bears armor, and is a lady to boot; six hereditary keepers of Scotch palaces, who have no palaces to keep, except mere ruins; a historiographer, who never writes history; and two individuals described as "gentlemen at large," whose duties, it is presumed, are limited to the drawing of their "pay and provant."

A HEROIC MOTHER.

One dreary evening, during the early settling of the Western wilderness, a woman, with an infant in her arms, sat in a lonely cabin in the forest, awaiting the return of her husband, who had gone off early in the morning in search of game, expecting to be at home by dark at the latest. A rudely constructed light—composed of a wick burning bear's oil in a horn cup—stood on a slab-table, and threw its faint gleams over the almost unfurnished apartment, and upon the sad face of the mother, as she bent over her babe with an expression of anxiety allied to fear.

"Oh, why does he not come?" she murmured, in a low, earnest tone; "why does he not come? Oh, if anything should have happened to him, what will become of us?"

She arose in great agitation as she spoke, and began to walk quickly to and fro, stopping now and then to listen, as she fancied she heard the sound of an approaching footstep.

At length, as she was about to approach the fire to add more fuel, she started with a bright gleam of joy, as she heard the long-expected and most welcome tap upon the door.

"Is it you, my dear William?" she cried, as she hastily laid her infant upon the bed and darted forward to undo the fastenings. "Why do you not answer, dear William?" she pursued, in a louder tone, as her hands worked tremulously at the main bar which fastened the entrance. "Speak, William! that I may be certain it is you!" she added, pausing in doubt, and with a growing fear. "Surely, husband, you cannot wish to frighten me! Oh, William, I dare not open the door till I hear your kind voice to re-assure me!"

To all of these appeals there came no answer; and the poor wife, affrighted at the silence, clasped her hands together, and began to tremble and quake like an aspen.

"It must be Indians!" she gasped, with ashen lips, as she silently but hastily ran back, and extinguished the light.

Then she flew to the bed, drew out an ax from under it, took down a rifle from over it, and, catching up her child and pressing it to her breast, hurried to a ladder that led up to an apartment under the roof. As she placed her foot upon the first round, a voice in broken English, said:

"Squaw open door—good—no hurt—poor man hungry."

"God have mercy on us!" breathed the terrified woman, as she hastened up the ladder, bearing her child and weapons with her.

As she reached the floor above, she laid her babe upon the hard planks, and proceeded to draw up the ladder. The child, for the first time, now began to cry; and as its tiny voice swelled out upon the air, it was drowned in a series of wild and appalling yells.

Mrs. Norton, with all her gentle, loving nature, was a brave woman; and now, when she knew the worst and believed there was no hope of escape, she prepared to defend herself and child to the last, and die, if die she must, as would become a wife who had dared with her bold husband to face the dangers of the wilderness. Carefully wrapping up her babe, and placing it far back under the roof, she returned to the opening, and pointed the rifle downward, prepared to fire upon the first who should attempt to reach her; and in this position—pale, calm, but with compressed lips and knitted brow—she awaited the result.

All without had now become as still as death; but suddenly her very heart seemed pierced with another series of those demoniac yells; and then loud blows were rained fast and furiously upon the door, and the poor woman knew that the work of destruction and death had begun in earnest.

In a few minutes the strong barrier was pierced and splintered, and hurled inward with a loud crash; and then, with fierce yells, some eight or ten dusky figures poured into the dwelling, and flitted to and fro in the dim fire-light, in eager search of mother and child. At length one of the band, glancing upward, espied the resolute mother, as she peered steadily down upon them from her place of retreat, with her rifle pointed, ready to fire upon the first who should attempt to assail her; and with a cry of delight at the discovery, the Indian sent his tomahawk whizzing through the opening, past the head of his intended victim, missing her by less than an inch. The next moment the muzzle of her piece was pointed directly at his breast, and the trigger pressed; and as the report rang out, the savage fell back, with a yell of agony, mortally wounded.

The instant Mrs. Norton fired she drew back from the opening, and thus saved her life; for ere the smoke of her own piece had cleared away, some half a dozen balls passed through it and lodged in the heavy timbers of the roof; and with the blended reports of these Indian muskets came such appalling screams of savage fury as made her involuntarily sink upon her knees, sick, faint, and almost paralyzed.

She was soon roused from this almost fatal lethargy, by seeing an Indian working his way up through the opening, doubtless believing her killed with the volley intended for her destruction. It was not light; but the half slumbering embers of the fire below threw a ruddy gleam upon the ascending savage, and enabled Mrs. Norton to see him thus distinctly, without herself being seen in return. One thought of her sweet, innocent babe, that this human monster was approaching, was sufficient to rouse the faculties and nerve the arm of that devoted mother; and grasping her ax, she started up, and with a quick, powerful blow, buried it in his brain; and he sunk down, a bloody corpse, upon the heads of the two companions whose shoulders were supporting him in his ascent.

Wild and terrible beyond description was the howling rage of the savages below at this unlooked-for result. They had forced their way into the dwelling, expecting to gain at least two scalps, and perhaps some valuable plunder, without any risk to themselves, and so far they had not only been foiled in their purpose by a woman, but two of their bravest warriors had fallen by her hand. Warned by the fatal past to be more cautious in the future, they made no further attempt to gain the loft occupied by our heroine, but with blood-curdling yells of fury, they dragged forward the straw bed, and deposited it under the opening, and hurled every other combustible they could find upon it, and quickly set the whole on fire.

Up rose the smoke in a suffocating volume, soon followed by tongues of flame; and as Mrs. Norton gazed down upon the horrible scene for a few agonizing moments, she felt that her time had come, and no longer indulged the faintest hope of ultimate escape. With a reeling brain, and half stifled by the all-pervading smoke, she turned back to her child, caught it up in her arms, strained it fondly to her heart, and prayed God to bless and protect her dear husband, if still among the living, and sanctify the terrible affliction—the loss of herself and child, all he had to love on earth—to his eternal good.

The Indians, with yells of triumph that they had hit upon a plan to conquer a woman, and so obtain a demoniac revenge, now retired from the dwelling, taking their dead and dying comrades with them; and surrounding the building, so as to cut off all chance for the escape of their victim, they awaited the progress of the flames.

For the first few moments the imprisoned mother, with her infant pressed to her heart, thought only of tamely yielding to the death she could not hope to escape; but life has its instincts for preservation, even when hope and desire are gone; and this instinct, in the case of Mrs. Norton, brought into play all her faculties for putting off the dreaded moment of dissolution. While gasping for breath, she suddenly bethought her of a place in the roof which required mending, and from which she might possibly obtain a little fresh air; and hastening to the spot, she exerted herself to push back a loose and warped plank; and then putting her own face to it, and that of her child, she found she could breathe much more freely. There was now a moment, at this critical juncture, that she thought of forcing her way out, and permitting herself to be killed by the savages; but the fear that she might be taken prisoner and carried into a hopeless captivity—a fate to her mind worse than death itself—deterred her from the attempt; and so she remained, with all the fortitude she could summon to her aid, awaiting the speedy work of the now roaring and crackling flames.

Suddenly her heart leaped wildly with an unexpected hope; for as she kneeled by the slight aperture, gasping for breath, her ears were greeted with the shouts of men of her own race, followed instantly by the sharp reports of many rifles, and loud yells of fear and pain from the astonished Indians, the survivors of whom made no resistance, but fled precipitately.

There was a rush of men into the dwelling, and a hurling outward of the burning combustibles; and then a noble form, guided by a voice of love, found his way up into the suffocating loft, to the side of his heroic wife, whom he clasped fainting to his heart.

It was a reunion to be remembered forever.

On the afternoon of that eventful day, William Norton had fallen in with a scouting party of whites, who had soon after struck upon the trail of savages, which, to his unspeakable horror, led finally to his own dwelling, where, as we have seen, the party arrived just in time to save the perishing inmates.

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THE "HEAT CURE."

The latest method of curing disease is to *bake the patient*. An English physician, the author of several valuable medical works, and a distinguished oriental traveller, claim the *credit* of introducing this new remedy, which they are pleased to call the *Thermo-Therapeia*, meaning, in plain English, the "Heat Cure." They recommend gentlemen who can afford it to have family ovens attached to their residences, where the members of the household can be "tried out" as occasion may require.

The method of applying the heat cure is simple. The individual desiring to be restored to health, or rendered disease-proof, merely steps into a commodious baking-room, in which he has ample space to walk about, and is there subjected to a heat of from 150 to 400 degrees of Fahrenheit, according to his taste, for the purpose of "opening his pores." To facilitate this latter process, he drinks huge quantities of water, which is returned as from a shower-bath through the countless orifices in his cuticle. Subsequently he is soaped, rubbed down with palm-tree fibres, horse fashion, sluiced with warm water, and finally cooled down with a *douche* of the cold element. When the operation is finished, he "feels like a bird." A certain Mr. Witt of Hyde Park, London, who has provided himself with one of these fiery furnaces, into which he occasionally introduces a couple of friends, so as to make a Meshech, Shadrach, and Abednego party of it—is quite enthusiastic in his admiration of the baking system. There seems to be no difficulty, if we may credit the testimony of one of the party, in "cooking a mutton-chop on the knee" while sitting in the oven, but the luxury of soft bread cannot be enjoyed there, as "it becomes toast before it can be gotten to the mouth."

There is no humbug about the statements of the "Heat Cure" enthusiasts, so far as the temperature is concerned. The human body can bear an atmospheric heat of nearly 400 deg. of Fahrenheit, for some time, without serious inconvenience, provided the air be perfectly dry; although vapor at 130 degrees would speedily scald a man to death. This was proved in the case of Chabert, the Fire King, who died in this city a few years ago. He was supposed at one time to have a skin endowed with an asbestos-like property of resisting heat, and it was believed that no other living man on earth could endure the heat that he did, and survive. At one of his exhibitions, however, a spectator insisted on going into the oven with this supposed Salamander, and as the volunteer came out unsinged, the public voted M. Chabert a charlatan, as he most unquestionably was.

We have no faith in the theory, that the new sudorific process is a general panacea; on the other hand, we are well convinced that if universally applied, it would kill at least three persons for every one it cured. Only very strong constitutions can stand such experiments as the opening of the pores by a heat of two or three hundred degrees, and their closure, shortly thereafter, by means of a cold bath, or, as some of the advocates of the "Heat Cure" recommend, "a snow-bath, if convenient."

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A CONNECTICUT GIRL'S DILEMMA.

A beautiful young girl from Connecticut, who has an uncle living in Brooklyn, came to the city a short time since, for the purpose of visiting her relatives. She arrived at the station of the New Haven railroad in Twenty-seventh street, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and being bewildered by the crowd and the noise and rush of men and vehicles, she knew not which way to turn. Finally summoning up courage to speak to a well-dressed man whom she saw standing a little apart from the crowd, she asked him if he could tell her which way to go to find her uncle's house in Brooklyn, at the same time showing him the name and address on a card. He said he was going right by the door of her uncle's house himself, and if she would like to do so she might ride in his carriage right to the spot. The innocent girl gladly accepted the offer; and the "gentleman" taking her check, obtained her trunk, had it strapped behind a carriage in which he had placed her, and giving the driver orders in a low tone, got into the vehicle, and away they went. After a while they stopped before a brick house in a dingy street, and her companion informed the entrapped girl that *that* was her uncle's house. "But we have not crossed any ferry," said she; "and besides, my uncle's house is a *wooden* one: he described it to me in one of his letters." The villain was taken aback at this, but quickly recovering, replied that her uncle had recently moved. But the Connecticut girl was aroused; she remembered of reading how defenceless girls had been kidnapped in this great Babel; and at once set up a series of screams for aid, which caused her persecutor to jump from the carriage and dash around the nearest corner. A crowd soon collected; the story was told; and the driver set out for the wooden house in Brooklyn, where the young lady was safely deposited in the care of her kind relatives.

HOW TO LOOK AT IT.

I am sometimes struck with wonder that grown people should ever have the presumption to rebuke children and young people, or at least, if they do so, should do it otherwise than in a spirit of the profoundest humility. We who *should* stand so rebuked in the presence of our Heavenly Father for so many years of waywardness, impatience, obstinacy, willfulness, and utter disregard of His forbearance, and unremitted loving kindness through it all? How dare we, whose feet are dusty and travel-worn with devious life-paths, leading anywhere *but* to the straight and narrow path of self-denial, arraign so imperiously the bounding footsteps so elastic with exuberant life? How dare we crimson the young cheek with tearful shame, while our own heads are not bent with the weight of sins palliated and unconfessed? Oh, how many men and women now lost to the world and themselves for all noble and good purposes, were to-day blessing their kind, had judgment in *their* childhood been thus tempered with parental mercy; had but the bitter, angry word died unspoken on the lip, ere it froze the warm stream that would have followed so unquestioningly the divining rod of love; had but the helping hand of parental encouragement been extended, when the dark cloud of misfortune descended on heads all unused to the storm? And so, when I see man or woman warped from their moral symmetry, speaking or writing words steeped in bitterness and defiance, I would fain go back and look at the cradle that was all too narrow for the beautiful proportions, now so twisted, cramped and disfigured. I would fain look at the *babe*, brought, without volition of its own, into contact with hydra-headed evil, and unprovided, by those who should have looked to it, with the proper weapons for self-defence and safety. Alas for the great host of the discouraged, lying wounded and slain by the wayside *for this cause alone!* Alas for the gray-haired man, reeling through the streets, the taunt of every Lilliputian big enough to syllable words of reviling! Alas for the young man counting the lagging hours in his prison cell! Alas for the woman, into whose darkened soul no ray of light ever shines, save the phosphorescent glimmer born of decay! A solemn hour, indeed is that when a babe's first wailing cry is heard in a household.

Fanny Fern.

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FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

The old English custom of dispensing with the funeral hearse in favor of pall-bearers, seems to us a very beautiful one. So would we be borne to our long home when the time shall come to go. Not in that horrible, jolting hearse, behind the careless driver who has preceded so many folded hands, and closed lids, with the same wooden, business-like imperturbability. What matters it? Nothing *then;* much in anticipation. On the shoulders of those who loved us would we pass for the last time through earth's sunshine. Who has not shuddered at the thought of the touch of strange hands, even when "all is over," as that entrance upon our newer life is atheistically termed. Why surround this transition from the cradle with these traditional, piled-up horrors? There is something very sweet to us, even in our crowded thoroughfare, of this gentle lifting of the dead, on warm, living shoulders, to their last pillow; something beautiful in the play of the bright sunshine on the wreath of "immortelles" on the still breast beneath; something lovely in the respectful halting of busy feet as the dead pass; something *human* in a spectacle which strangers recognize, even with a momentary token of sympathy. Fanny Fern.

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ISABEL.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Bend your deep eyes down to mine,
Isabel!
Glorious eyes I love so well,
What a history you tell;
Let their liquid lustre shine
On the night which broods in mine,
Isabel.

Years have changed us since we met—
Changed our faces, it is well;
Yet I never can forget
Thy morning face, I see it yet,
Isabel.
How I loved thy morning face,
More than ever words can tell;
Passion, spirit, would embrace;
Sun and shadow interlace
In the shifting aureole grace,
And the glory of that face,
Isabel!

Why I loved thee, can I tell,
Was it that thou wert so fair?
Thine so rare and ripe an air,
Regnant, rare, and debonair,
Isabel?
Other faces deemed as fair
Never thrilled me unaware;
Gleaming mesh of glinting hair,
Wiling eyes that said "beware,"
Never caught me in their snare,
Isabel.

Why I loved thee, I can tell;
Not alone that thou wert fair,
Isabel.
But thy beauty was the sign,
Of a beauty more divine,
Whose serene, celestial shine,
From thy being's inmost shrine,
Filled those luminous eyes of thine,
Isabel.

Far I've wandered since we parted,
Dreary eyed, and drearier hearted,
Isabel.
Eyes of soft, serenest blue,
Made me dream a love as true
As the love that lived for you,
They could win from me as well,
Isabel.

Young love's tender, tremulous dew,
Melted in those wells of blue,
All in vain, they were not *you*,
Isabel.
Bend your deep eyes down to mine,
Isabel.
Sweet, my soul's soul, sad they tell
How long want hath sore befell
Thee. Want hath made thee, since we parted,
Weary eyed, and weary hearted.
In these slow, slow tears' start,
Breaks the hunger of your heart;
Lost the maiden's joyant youth;
Lost, in woman's piteous ruth;
Bloom of being unaware,
In dreary duty, desolate care.
How can thy soul of boundless scope
Live in its life arc's narrow cope,
The meagre measure of its hope,
Isabel!

Glorious eyes I love so well,
Let their liquid lustre shine
On the night which broods in mine;
Bend them once more down to mine,
Ere I breathe my last farewell,
Isabel.
Underneath our grassy cover,
Human want, and waiting over,
We shall sleep well, Isabel.
They who lose their life shall find it,
Where full tides of being swell,
More complete than we divined it,
In the Hereafter we shall find it,
We shall find *ours*, Isabel!
In the coming ages I shall tell
Why it was it thus befell—
Why I loved you, but to lose you,
Isabel.

NEAR THE FOREST.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

There is a murmur 'mid the leafy deeps.
There is a brighter sparkle on the rill;
A loud, long benediction o'er me sweeps
From this North wind that, like a mailed will,
Comes trampling down from yonder rock-ribbed hill
Far in the misty distance there it stands
Rock-ribbed, by time and storm unconquered still,
Even as a stern, calm God whose mighty hands
Waves back Time's billows from his steep, enthroned strands.

And still the great woods woo me onward yet
Into their inner depths!—but hark! a roar
Of waters where the enamored crags are met
Round rainbowed lovliness forevermore:
Ah, for a while must I forego the lore
Shrined in the forests inmost, grandest halls!
Not that I yearn the less to see and to adore,
But 'tis a holy voice that yonder on me calls
Through those great aisles of oak from solemn Clifty's Falls!

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "PRISONER OF THE BORDER," "BELL BRANDON," "THE VAN VELDENS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

If the young lawyer had been haunted by any remaining doubts as to the genuineness of the claim set up in behalf of little Herbert, they were now fully dispelled. Vagrant children were not liable to become the victims of plots and conspiracies, and the formidable nature of this attempt at abduction, which had evidently been designed to anticipate controversy, and render it impossible, showed how much importance was attached to the claims of the alleged heir, by those who had the best means of judging of their validity.

Seth no longer hesitated about undertaking the necessary legal measures for the establishment of Herbert's claim, and for the appointment of a guardian of his person and estate, as the infant son and heir of the late Hugh Harlow.

This would at once bring up the question of identity, and on that point alone would the legal battle be waged.

That it would be strongly contested he well knew, and he foresaw the great importance of being well fortified with evidence aside from that of Evelyn, for he did not doubt that an attempt would be made to nullify such powerful and dangerous testimony by direct proof of the hallucination or *monomania* which had already been so directly alleged against her. It was very evident that no scruples would stand in the way of the defence, and that the influencing and direct suborning of witnesses would be restricted by no limits but those which prudence rendered imperative.

To look up testimony, then, became the first business to which the young lawyer gave his attention, and he devoted several months to quiet and persevering labor in this direction, before sounding the first note of alarm to the proprietress of the great estate.

Indeed, Mrs. Sitterly and her friends, having recovered from their first fears, and from their mortification at the discomfiture of their redoubtable ally, began to believe that their alarm had been premature and unnecessary, and that no one would be found bold enough to assume the championship of a penniless child, against such formidable odds. They felt certain that although Rook had failed in his vaunted enterprise, he had at least so skillfully conducted it that no possible clue could lead to any complicity of Mrs. Sitterly with the nefarious scheme. She received the tidings of it from Evelyn very coolly, and with affected disbelief, but said that if it were true, it afforded the best of proof that the child was not Herbert, since other people were so deeply interested in getting possession of him or in getting him out of the way. This idea Blass also trumpeted abroad, for since the attempt at abduction was too notorious to be concealed, he sought thus to turn it to account.

Evelyn, meanwhile, enjoyed an exemption from the importunities and commands to which she had so long been subjected in relation to the contemplated marriage.

This was probably owing to the step-mother's consciousness of the dangerous power which her daughter now possessed, but which she indulged the hope that the latter would never attempt to wield.

While Evelyn and Mr. Lynde (who had made himself both respected and feared by the great family) remained quiet on the subject of Herbert's claims to recognition, Mrs. Sitterly was unwilling to take any step which could provoke desperate or retaliatory measures from the young lady.

Since so long a time had elapsed without any signs of litigation, she thought that Evelyn must have discountenanced such a course, and that her sense of filial duty, as well as the dread of her father's displeasure, would continue to restrain her if she were not driven to extremities by harsh treatment.

But if the parental severity had been relaxed, no marked conciliation had been manifested towards Miss Sitterly, for such a course, contrasted with former treatment, would too plainly have betrayed the policy which dictated it.

The great lady could not afford to exhibit any fears of the alleged heir, even by manifesting unusual kindness to one who had espoused his cause. Besides, she knew Evelyn too well to hope that she could be influenced by any personal consideration whatever, to an abandonment of her brother's interests. She would, indeed, freely have bestowed wealth on her step-daughter for a formal recantation of her belief that a son of Hugh Harlow was living; but such an offer, however dazzling, she knew would be rejected, while its natural result would be to dispel the few doubts which now modified Evelyn's convictions, and to change faith into certainty.

But as the months rolled by without any renewed agitation of the exciting topic, her mind recovered its wonted tone, and she sought forgetfulness of her remaining fears in her usual round of social pleasures and triumphs.

High as was the position which the ambitious woman had attained, compared with her obscure origin, she sighed for a more extended sphere and wider conquests. She had her enemies to humble, and her rivals to outdo, though the number of these was small, and was yearly diminishing as the star of her prosperity advanced steadily towards its culmination.

She looked sanguinely forward to a long career of rapidly increasing wealth and grandeur, and although the ghost of many dead hopes haunted the track of Memory, she would see nothing in the future but bright and blissful realizations.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Counsellor Lynde, after much reflection, came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to make out a legal identification of his little client, by witnesses who could testify only from memory of the child's appearance at the time of his abduction. Such evidence, except, perhaps, in the case of Evelyn, must be subject to great doubt, even if undisputed, and when flatly contradicted, as it would be by far more witnesses than he could possibly obtain, it would of course be entirely nullified.

It was evidently necessary to show the history of the boy, during his absence from home, and for this purpose Seth's thoughts at once turned towards the Weldovers.

From Herbert he could only learn that the doctor was dead, that his sister had removed a thousand miles west, and that his widow was supposed to be living somewhere in the great city, but that the lad's own long search after her had been entirely fruitless.

He went to the former residence of the family, taking Herbert with him as a guide, and there he had the satisfaction of hearing that the house was still owned by the late Mrs. Weldover, (who was already a Mrs. Somebody-else,) as administratrix or heir to her late husband.

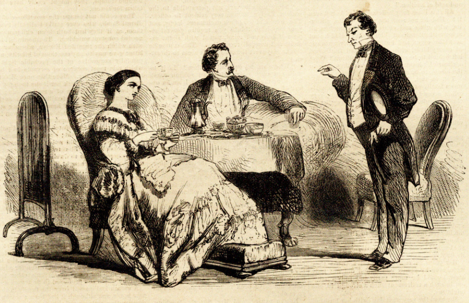
The rent, he was informed, was collected by a lawyer in the city, whose name he obtained, and from him he easily procured the address of the amiable Florinda, now rejoicing, as he learned, in the name of Mrs. Smyth. (Her new husband had been plain *Smith* before marriage, but his bride had remorselessly punched out his *i*.)

Full of new hope, Seth made his way to the place indicated, a fashionable boarding-house, and sending up his card to the lady, he awaited her descent to the parlor. Florinda came, card in hand, and wondering greatly at the unknown name, but when she caught sight of Herbert, the soft simper upon her face changed to a look of displeasure and uneasiness.

But she at once advanced to meet him with assumed cordiality, and Lynde, auguring favorably from the ready and mutual recognition, immediately said:

"I am happy, madam, to see that you know this child. He is sadly in want of friends."

"Yes—I know him, certainly," she replied, hesitating, in view of expected claims for assistance; "but he is not, as you probably are aware, a relative of mine, or in any way——"



AN ACCOMMODATING PHYSICIAN.

"Oh, no, madam—I know that. My object in calling upon you is to obtain information on certain points of his history. He was an adopted son, I believe, of your late husband, Mr. Weldover."

"Well, I don't know about the '*adoption*,'" replied the lady, still with a disturbed air; "there was no legal adoption, and the doctor's *little property*——"

"I am not inquiring about his property, madam I only want to know about the child."

"Yes, sir, certainly. Well, sir, he was a boy that Weldover picked up somewhere several years before I became his wife. He took a sort of fancy to him, and sent him to school; but he left nothing to him, sir—he has no claim upon the estate."

Seth smiled as he noticed the extreme solicitude of Mrs. Smyth on this point, and he at once asked:

"Did Doctor Weldover leave a large estate?"

"Oh, *very little*, sir."

"Any will?"

"No, sir."

"What heirs?"

"Only *me*, sir," replied Florinda, with a most bland voice, yet with a look of very evident perturbation.

"Ah—I understood he had a sister."

She replied, very quickly:

"*He had*, many years ago, but she is dead."

"Oh, indeed. Where did she die?"

"Somewhere in a far-western State, sir. I really do not know."

Seth was too good a lawyer, and too close an observer of human nature, not to suspect the perfect truth of these details; but without manifesting any impolite doubts, he continued his inquiries about Herbert.

But Mrs. Smyth could tell him very little beyond the fact which she had already hinted at, that he was not an heir or legatee in any shape of her late husband. He had been in the doctor's family about a year and a half when she entered it, and had left there about six months afterwards to go to school. He had always been a troublesome boy, she said, and she feared that the annoyance which he gave to the dear, good man had hastened his end.

Herbert wept at this, and felt very guilty, and Florinda continued:

"Of his previous history, of course, I know nothing. I only remember that Weldover said he brought him from the hospital, and I never felt as though the child was quite free from infection."

"Ah, yes. I noticed that you called him Edward when you came in. Was that his name?"

"Not his hospital name, sir. The doctor called him Edward after himself. He had another—I forget now; it was some low name. He was supposed to be of very low origin."

"Was he called Herbert?"

"Very likely it was Herbert, but I really can't remember."

Seth's hopes fell nearly to zero; but he returned to the subject of the physician's sister, whose death the bereaved Florinda had mentioned in such a quick, strange way, as to excite his suspicions. If living, she was one of the intestate man's heirs; and he thought it not impossible that she might be still in existence; and even that in her far-western home she remained ignorant of her brother's death.

"What was Miss Weldover's name?" he asked, and he was sure he saw a frightened look again as he mentioned her.

"Jerusha, sir," was the polite reply, with a politer bow.

"Her husband's name?"

"Bolt, sir."

If Mrs. Smyth had not said this in a mild tone, Seth might have mistaken it for an invitation to leave.

"Bolt, eh?"

"Yes, sir; and a very good man he was—*very good*."

"Bolt upright, I suppose!" said Seth, smiling. "And the poor lady is really dead, eh?"

"Oh, yes, sir, very dead—I mean, sir, very long ago," was the reply, with some embarrassment.

"You can probably tell me the name of the place where she lived and died."

Florinda, with a still more troubled look, replied that she really could not.

"The State, at least."

Not even that, she was sorry to say.

"Mr. Bolt's Christian name."

On that point she had likewise become oblivious.

Seth thought it rather strange that she should know so very little of her sister-in-law, and yet should be certain that she was dead.

"Did not the doctor correspond with her?" he asked.

"He wrote to her, yes, and received two or three letters from her after she moved west; but these must have been destroyed with a quantity of paper rubbish which was burnt soon after Weldover's death. I have looked long for them in vain."

"How did you hear of her death?"

"By a newspaper, which her afflicted husband sent us, with heavy ink lines around her obituary," said Mrs. Smyth, with a sympathetic sigh.

"Have you that paper?"

"No—that also is lost."

"Do you remember its name, or the place where it was printed?"

Florinda posed her head for thought, and said she believed it was called an Advertiser, or a Journal, or something like that; and as to the name of the place, it was something with a "ville" or a "berg" to it, but that was all she could recollect.

Seth pursued his polite cross-questioning, until his doubts gained more and more confirmation; and when he left the perplexed lady, he had resolved on two things. The first of these was to visit the hospital of which Dr. Weldover had been physician, and seek to gain some information there about Herbert which might help to identify him. The second was to return to the neighborhood in which the Weldover family had resided, and try to learn something about Mrs. Jerusha Bolt.

As the hospital was not very distant, he went there first, taking Herbert with him. But again his hopes were entirely dashed. Nobody knew anything about the boy, who, in turn, could remember no one that he saw—for four years had wrought its changes there as elsewhere. If he had ever known, he had long since forgotten the name of Mrs. Hoddel, about whom consequently no inquiries could be made. The books of the institution were examined with similar ill success; they had been carelessly kept, and Seth could not learn from the boy the date of his sojourn there with any approach to accuracy.

In the year or two's records that were examined, more than one Herbert was found, including the name of Herbert Grume, but the age of the patient was not given, and there were no remarks appended which could shed any light on the subject.

Abandoning all hope in this quarter, Seth returned to the suburban settlement where the kind-hearted physician had lived and died, and where he found that his memory was warmly cherished. His relict, the gay Mrs. Smyth, was, on the contrary, freely anathematized, and bore a decidedly Xantippean reputation among all the dwellers within ear shot of the late doctor's residence.

His nearest neighbor, an old lady, spoke with especial indignation of the artful woman, as one whose wiles had entrapped the simple-hearted man, and whose shrewishness had killed him.

Herbert was conscious of a sense of relief when he found that he had at least a *particeps criminis* in the dreadful homicide, and Mr. Lynde said:

"She told me that she thought *this boy* had worried him to death."

"That boy, indeed! Well, it was like her to say so. But Neddy was always a good boy, and the doctor loved him to the last; but she would never let either of them rest, till first one was out of the house, and then the other—forever. I know—*I know!*"

Herbert cried again now, but not altogether with grief. Tender recollections of his benefactor filled his heart, and he felt certain that what the old lady had just asserted was true, although he had never been fully conscious either of his own wrongs, or of those of his venerable friend, until he heard another give expression to them.

That any one dared to speak out so boldly against Mrs. Weldover, seemed quite wonderful to him, and more than once he glanced back at the doctor's cottage, half expecting to see the termagant woman rushing out of it, and coming to vindicate herself by a lingual flagellation of her defamers.

As to Mrs. Bolt, Seth ascertained that the belief in her death was very general in the neighborhood, but as far as he could learn, all the reports to that effect, were traceable directly or indirectly to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Smyth, and the lawyer took the liberty of doubting their truth. He found little difficulty in learning the place of her residence, which indeed, was very far off, yet not too far for a letter, or a patient messenger to reach. Not entirely dissatisfied with the result of his quest, Mr. Lynde returned hopefully home—for Seth could hope, at about as great a distance from fruition as most men, and however dark might be the night to others, he was always catching glimpses of the golden dawn, far away in the shadow-veiled realms of the future.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It had long been one of the dreams of Mrs. Sitterly's ambition to construct for herself a magnificent summer residence, which should in all respects, eclipse the noblest of those palatial mansions whose columns, domes, and architraves are mirrored in the blue depths of the classic Hudson. On the bank of that noble river it was to stand, while its gardens, parks and forests, stretching far inland, were to exhibit all the beauty and finish which the highest Art could add to a landscape already aglow with the rich charms of Nature.

Artificial lakes were to afford a luxurious retreat from the sultry heats of summer; lakes, upon whose calm surface white winged boats should securely sail, and on whose green margin the contemplative angler might repose, tempting their finny denizens with delusive hook.

In many a pleasant shade should sparkling fountains rise, while snowy swans sailed beneath their cooling spray, graceful as the mistress of that great domain, and spotless as the innocence which—once was hers. Sinuous streams murmuring along their pebbled channels—the gentle deer now quaffing the cool wave, and now bounding timidly away; the watchful hare at play along the rustic walk, or cropping the tender grass—all these were features of that prospective paradise, which the great lady designed to call into existence.

Nor had she any apprehensions that hers was to be an air-castle merely, whose foundation should rest upon the passing clouds, and whose gorgeous walls and turrets should fade away like the "baseless fabric of a vision." She had indeed several times postponed undertaking her great enterprise, owing to temporary obstacles or engagements, but she had never abandoned it, or suffered, for a moment, a doubt to enter her mind of carrying it out in all its fullest details.

The project had been revived at about the time of Herbert's re-appearance, and had been laid aside during the height of the excitement and the fears which that event occasioned. Now that these were in the main allayed, the subject came up afresh, about midsummer, while the family were making preparations for their annual flight from the hot and dusty town.

It was decided that an attempt should at once be made to fix upon the location for the long desired Eden, and if they should be successful in finding and purchasing a suitable site, that their present summer quarters should be near enough to it to admit of witnessing and superintending the beginning of the great work.

But again a disturbing influence deferred the cherished scheme. Mr. Blass came in one bright morning, with a face not near as cloudless as the sky, to say that he feared they had been founding false hopes on the silence which had so long been preserved by Mr. Attorney Lynde. He feared it was the silence which precedes the storm.

Mr. and Mrs. Sitterly were at breakfast, and while the alarmed lady only turned a little paler (she was not usually very roseate in the morning,) and gazed at her visitor with a look of painful inquiry, Frederick tipped his chair backwards, and using his golden toothpick, said with affected *nonchalance:*

"You're getting to be a—infernal croaker, Blass; we've had enough of these bug-a-boo stories, and now you've come just in time to spoil one of the finest days sports of the season."

"You're going to the races, then?"

"Of course I am—and so are you?"

"Yes—but—that is no reason why we should not hear news which so nearly concerns us."

"Out with it then; we can at least ensure an uncomfortable day to Louise, at home."

"At home? No indeed; I shall be out the whole day," replied the lady with a weakly laugh. "Mrs. Shimmer and I have arranged for a drive up the river, and I am to call for her at twelve o'clock."

"Well, shall I tell my news or not?" asked Blass.

"Oh, certainly, if it is worth the trouble," answered Mrs. Sitterly; "but do not calculate on frightening us any more with that mock Herbert."

"Well, what I have to say is this: that I have learned quite accidentally this morning that Seth Lynde, who has kept so still about this boy, has been actively engaged for more than a month past in hunting up testimony with a view to commencing a suit, and that, by some means or other, he has actually engaged the assistance of Counsellor Silby."

"Counsellor Silby!" exclaimed the lady, startled to hear a name familiar, even to her, as one of the ablest lawyers of the city.

"Yes, and that he certainly expresses a very favorable opinion on the case."

"Is it possible? But we know Silby very well. He must be *seen*——"

"Tut, tut, Louise! You forget yourself. I should like to see the man who would dare to approach him with the remotest attempt to—to influence him."

"You are too fast, Simon; nobody has said anything about influencing him. But he might be *informed* something about the true state of affairs."

"When great lawyers engage in a cause, they are not in the habit of obtaining either their facts or their opinions from the opposite party."

"No, but if he has given a favorable opinion, (which will encourage that upstart lawyer to go on, you know,) it is probably founded chiefly upon Evelyn's expected testimony. Do you not think so?"

"Very likely—chiefly—with other supposed corroborative matter."

"Very well, then; suppose we could let him know something about the *state of her mind;* to show him the fallacy of depending upon her evidence. If he is aware that she is not altogether sound here (Mrs. Sitterly touched her forehead), he will probably advise the suit to be withheld. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Frederick looked at Blass, and made a wry face, but he did not speak; he knew that this was the policy decided upon in case of extremity; and that intimate friends of the family had already adopted Mrs. Sitterly's mode of talking of Evelyn's "strange delusion" as a mental affection, resulting from long and excessive grief.

"I have no objection," said Blass, "to having this information communicated to Silby. Perhaps it *might* be beneficial. But *I* am not the man to do it; you see it would not be strictly—ah—professional. Here's Sitterly might do it."

Frederick winced.

"Oh, no!" replied the wife, in quite a feeling tone; "would you impose such a task on *a father* to proclaim his own child's infirmities?"

"Ah, very true."

"Besides, I do not think Fred. would do it *well.* Never mind. I will find a messenger better than either of you. Leave it to me; there is no especial hurry."

"Oh, no; no hurry. It may be months yet before we hear anything from them," answered Blass.

"Very well, then," said Sitterly, rising; "let's forget it for to-day, at least. I have a few hundreds bet on the 'Island Beauty,' and I expect to see it won."

"You had better 'hedge' that bet, Fred.," replied his wife, who had heard enough of sporting terms to learn something of their meaning. "Your rations may be stopped if this Quixotic lawyer goes on with his work."

"Never mind—'*dam-vivimus vivamus*,'" rejoined Frederick, trying to quote a remnant of his college Latin, and although he was sure he had not got it quite right, he was equally sure that neither of his companions could correct him.

"Perhaps you will condescend to translate a phrase which, unexplained, sounds too much like profanity," said Louise.

"Oh, that isn't swearing; that's Latin, and means that we must enjoy life while we can."

"Especially at the races," added Blass.

"Exactly; I have no doubt that was one of the very things the author was thinking about when he wrote it. The Olympic races, at least."

"Miss Sitterly will be at home quite alone to-day," said Blass, suggestively.

"That is not an unusual circumstance," the stepmother quickly replied; "Evelyn seems at present disposed to preserve a character for prudence, modesty and obedience. If matters progress, however, as they threaten, it may be necessary to place some other restriction upon her movements."

"It's a pity she could not go *abroad.* Foreign travel would benefit her health, and would do much towards detaching her mind from the subject which now so seriously threatens its overthrow. Then this foolish partiality for a man so utterly unworthy of her might also perhaps be eradicated."

Although the lawyer gave expression to these ideas in apparently a casual manner, they were the result of careful deliberations. He had abandoned the hope of making Evelyn his wife in the present state of affairs, and was giving his attention far more to the great danger which threatened the pecuniary interests of his patroness, and indirectly of himself. He was pleased now to hear that lady, after a thoughtful pause, reply:

"It might indeed be a very desirable step; travel, or something equivalent to it. If this foolish suit should really be begun, Evelyn must certainly, by some means, be kept out of the way."

"That's the idea," replied Simon, glad to see that his views were so quickly comprehended and seconded. "Then Messrs. Lynde and Silby will have the pleasure of playing Hamlet with Hamlet out."

Mr. Sitterly did not express an opinion on this subject; his air was that of indifference to it, and of impatience to terminate a conversation which was conflicting with the thoughts that were uppermost in his mind.

"Now then," he said, "enough of this for the present. It is time for us to be off, and Joe is already at the door with the buggy. You go with me of course, Simon."

"I intend to do you that honor."

"I really wish Louise could go with us and enjoy the sport."

"Oh, indeed I am greatly obliged to you; but I assure you I expect to do far better."

And thus the gay friends parted, and went forth in pursuit of their several amusements.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Miss Sitterly had not seen Seth Lynde since the day of Herbert's departure from the house of Mrs. Gale, nor had they held any written correspondence.

From Mrs. Binney, at her little shop, where Evelyn often called, had she received information of the perils which the child had so narrowly escaped—of his changed abode—and of his subsequent daily welfare.

For many weeks subsequent to the attempted abduction, the little heir had been so closely guarded by Mr. Lynde and his friends, that his sister could not see him without going to the residence of her lover, a step which nothing less than some serious illness of, or danger to, Herbert could have induced her to take. But when a month and more had passed without further cause of alarm, the vigilance with which the child had been watched was somewhat relaxed, and he was at times allowed to accompany Aunt Ally to her store, she being instructed in what way to demand help and protection in case of threatened danger. But as the shop was in a business street, and she passed only through thronged avenues to reach it, little fear was entertained, and no danger actually existed. For the discomfited Rook had long since returned home, his employers not being willing to risk exposure by a second attempt to get possession of the child.

Mrs. Sitterly knew full well that if she should be implicated in such a movement, it would attach great importance to Herbert's claims in public estimation, besides stamping her character with infamy. The risk was far too great to encounter, with so slight a chance of success, and she preferred to preserve an appearance of perfect indifference on the subject of the alleged heir.

She had even rebuked her agent, Mr. Rook, for going to such extreme lengths in his undertaking, and thus endangering her reputation. She had never intended, she said, that Herbert should be carried off, unless it could be adroitly done, and without any publicity.

But if no direct perils now beset Aunt Ally's little friend, she was as vigilant in protecting him, when he was entrusted to her care, as if he had been environed by the most subtle foes. Riding or walking she held his hand tightly in her own; if she entered a stage, she narrowly surveyed every one within it, to see if they had covetous eyes for her boy; and when she reached her own shop, she would not suffer him to enter until she had closely explored the interior, to see that no one was lying *perdu*, ready to snatch up and elope with her treasure.

On such occasions she closed her place of business long before the usual hour, that she might restore her charge to the care of Mr. Lynde, while yet the sun was many degrees above the horizon. And although these days were very happy ones to Aunt Ally, yet the sense of satisfaction and relief with which she always re-transferred Herbert to the custody of his more powerful friends, was inexpressibly great.

Of course, Mrs. Binney had her mode of acquainting Evelyn with these favored days, bright with golden-winged hours, when she might join her beloved brother at their trysting ground; and the young lady never came empty handed to the meeting. Some tasteful garment, perhaps made by her own hand, some ingenious toy, books of instruction and amusement, whatever her means would afford, by exercising the strictest self-denial in regard to her own wants; all was lavished in some way upon Herbert, and all was given freely and with glad heart.

Among the treasures which the child had been obliged to part with, during that sad season of destitution which followed his expulsion from school, was a little Bible which Doctor Weldover had given him, and had taught him to revere and love. He had learned where to find its promises to the fatherless and the oppressed, and in his mendicant days he had been wont, however tired at night, to read hopefully in this sacred volume, tracing, with tiny hands, its mysterious lines, and wondering often—often wondering whether one as poor and miserable as he, could be included in the Saviour's invitation, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

He had no memories of infantile prayers, lisped beside the maternal knee; but his departed benefactor had taught him to pray; and though often with faint faith, and often without faith, he never failed to bend his over-tasked and wearied limbs beside his hard pallet before seeking his nightly repose. Alone in the hard world, which heeded him not, he looked tearfully up to that studded vault where rolling worlds proclaim the infinite Majesty of Deity, and whispered faint petitions, destined perhaps to outsound in Heaven the shouted prayers of more presuming lips, or even strains of truest eloquence rising from consecrated walls.

It had been one of Evelyn's first cares to provide her brother with a substitute for his lost Bible, which should resemble, as nearly as possible, the valued gift of Doctor Weldover; and she did not fail to add weight to the memory of the good man's counsels by her own affectionate admonitions.

Little business did Aunt Ally do in her narrow shop on these happy days. She would not lose the precious moments by urging her small wares on reluctant customers; and not a few looked in, and passed on with the impression that the little room was already crowded, and a brisk trade going on. Brief, merry hours were these, of which all three retained bright memories, and to the recurrence of which all looked forward with brighter anticipations.

But Evelyn could not always look at the Future without forebodings. The important step which was so soon to be taken in Herbert's behalf, if unsuccessful, she feared would widen the gulf between them, and would perhaps also separate her forever from that noble and generous friend, upon whom she had lavished the wealth of her young affections.

Sad and desolate as was her present condition, enlivened only by occasional gleams of joy, what would it be when she was deprived of these, and of all hope for that far future to which her young heart looked forward!

She shuddered at the contemplation, and, at times, vainly tried to pierce the clouds which surrounded her, and to catch a glimpse of sunny skies beyond.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mrs. Sitterly was in great glee; Frederick and the faithful Simon had returned from a trip up the river, with tidings of the discovery of the very spot in which to locate her contemplated Eden.

"Not only so," said Blass, elate with his success, "but the work is already half done to your hands. The site is unsurpassed, and a magnificent house is already upon it, which, of course admits of any extension or alteration you may choose to make."

"But the grounds? Is there room—room, Simon, for my park, my lakes, and my groves? Is there room *enough?*"

"The grounds are very extensive, and can be increased by purchase on every side. There is a real forest in the rear, which can be rendered superb, and a real lake, which——"

"Which art can beautify to any extent, I presume."

"Exactly."

"It is none the less a lake, I suppose," added Frederick, laughing, "because the owner called it a pond."

"You are an unromantic creature, Fred.; suppose it *is* called a pond, it can be transformed into a lake, can it not? The water is what we want."

If water was the desideratum, there was a prospect of a good supply—for a full half of the vaunted forest was marshy and miasmatic; but the proprietor had demonstrated that this could be drained, with a facility which would render it rather a pleasure than a task to do it.

The price was a little startling, but would probably be somewhat lowered, Sitterly said, for the owner, who was an Englishman, was about to quit the country and go home.

"That is the reason he gives for selling so cheap."

"Cheap, indeed!"

"Well, it's a great deal of money, of course; but yet it may be a very moderate price for the place; I rather think it is."

"An Italian Count is bargaining for it," said Blass, who, although not usually verdant, was quite refreshingly so in matters outside of his accustomed business.

"Ah—indeed!"

"Yes; and he has offered within five thousand dollars of Mr. Sharp's price, which leaves but a trifling difference between them."

"Did you see him?"

"No, he had just left when we came; but if he doesn't buy it, he is to purchase vacant land directly north of it, and build a palace there, he is so charmed with the location and the scenery."

"That will be capital," replied Mrs. Sitterly. "I hope he and his family speak English, for I could never get on with Italian."

"Undoubtedly they do, as they are going to reside here. They will at least be learning."

"Is the house occupied?"

"No; the family is in town, preparatory to going abroad; but it is beautifully furnished throughout; and the furniture, or any part of it, will be sold, if desired, with the house. If not so disposed of, it is to be removed to the city, and sold at auction."

All this Blass fully believed. Had he not seen it? Had he not seen the very pantries, glittering with glass and china, and the kitchen, all aglow with utensils of shining tin? Had he not seen the cages, and heard the twittering music of canary birds, which the departed family had left behind to be sold with the furniture? What a cheerful, pleasant, domestic air they gave to the house, to be sure!

Yet, in fact, Mr. Sharp's interesting family was a family of myths; his furniture, modestly called second-hand, was really bran new; very cheaply made, to be sure, and very showy, which had been hired and put in the house to make it sell, and perhaps to be itself sold at twice its value.

"The dear loves of birds," which were supposed to have been fondled by gentle hands, and abandoned only with tears and regrets, had been placed in the house to give *vraisemblance* to the sharper's story, and had been brought directly from the dealer, who valued their golden notes only for the golden coin into which they could be transmuted.

Mrs. Sitterly then was in glee. She was almost certain, even before she had herself seen the over-praised place, that she should purchase it. There were urgent reasons why she was now anxious to own a country residence at a considerable distance from town. She thought it might even become necessary to live there the whole year round, until after the storm, of which she began to hear the first mutterings, had spent its fury.

Her plans in regard to Evelyn, (what they were, even Frederick and Simon did not fully know,) could be more easily and fully carried out in such a retirement, such a stronghold, one might say.

She went the very next day (with her husband and Blass, of course,) to see the place and its proprietor, whom, she said, she should have known anywhere as an Englishman, by his English hunting jacket, and his inability to aspirate the "h," excepting in the wrong place. Yet never did a John Bull before have so veritable a Yankee face, and such a shrewd twinkle of the eye, to say nothing of a figure far more suggestive of Johnny-cake and pumpkin pies, than of solid roast beef and plum-pudding.

No matter; whether the proprietor was an English gentleman, willing to sell at a sacrifice for the sake of going back to "merrie England," or whether he was an American "builder and architect," who had bought the land on speculation, and had erected a large, showy castle-like house upon it, with an endless quantity of shams about it; no matter. It pleased Mrs. Sitterly wonderfully, and she bought it, at full twice its value, and the sham furniture with it.

Mrs. Sitterly thought she was a judge of furniture, and she would certainly have condemned a great deal of what she found in the new house, but as it had all been made to order for the English family, she thought it must be better than it seemed, and that it at least would do very well for the country. The convenience of having it all ready for use in the house, was itself no small inducement to the purchase.

It took a week or two for the lawyers to perfect the title, and make the transfer of it to the new owner, and then, as the summer was well advanced, preparations were made for a speedy removal of the family.

Though the change was professedly to be but temporary, Evelyn heard the news with sadness, fot it was exile to her from all that she loved—a dreary isolation, among those with whom she could have no fellowship, and towards whom she was regarded as occupying an antagonistic position.

Such a banishment, adding its desolation to her other sufferings, seemed to her almost intolerable, and she sometimes felt as if it would produce the aberration of reason, which, poor girl, she knew was already alleged against her.

Yet the change would not be without its advantages. Evelyn was devotedly fond of the country; she had an eye for all the beauties, an ear for all the harmonies of Nature; and her new home, however much it was to fall short of its purchaser's hopes, was really located amidst the most charming scenery.

To one of her innocence, youth and loveliness, it might well seem a paradise if she could but occupy it with those she loved, and even now its quiet, witching beauty could scarcely fail of some gentle influence upon her perturbed heart.

Painfully she parted with Aunt Ally and with Herbert, who was brought to the widow's shop for the farewell interview, and she boldly addressed a note to Mr. Lynde, informing him of her contemplated absence, and where she could be found, if Herbert's interests should require her return to the city.

Although Evelyn was impelled to this step by a strict sense of duty, she could not summon courage to send the letter until the very day of her departure, lest her lover might construe it as an invitation to seek a meeting with her before she left. She knew he would not be admitted to her mother's house, and she was equally sure that she could not meet him, by appointment, elsewhere.

It was about the middle of July when the Sitterly family removed to their rural home, and Evelyn, who continued to be treated with seeming kindness, was surprised to find some especial marks of attention in the room which had been fitted up for her use. It was elegantly furnished, and was in the front part of the building, having a commanding view of the river for a great distance, and of all the best portion of the adjacent scenery. True, it was in the highest story of the house, which seemed to her a little strange where rooms were so many and occupants so few, and yet this was hardly an objectionable feature in the eye of one so young and agile.

But Evelyn had not been long in her new abode, before she began to feel the weight of little chains of restraint and *surveillance*, which led her to suspect that she was not to be allowed the undisputed control of her own movements.

She was treated as an invalid; was compelled to receive the frequent visits of a physician; was not permitted to go out except at certain hours of the day, and then only accompanied by some member of the family, or by a female attendant who was an entire stranger to her, and who had been employed for the especial duty of waiting upon her.

A silent, sad-looking woman she was, of middle age, who walked noiselessly at Evelyn's side, or close behind her, speaking, spectre-like, only when addressed, and then as briefly as possible, and casting the gloom of her presence over the fair landscape and the sunny streams.

Such society was so much worse than none, that Miss Sitterly felt it to be a dreadful annoyance, and thought she could be almost happy if she were allowed alone to roam across the pleasant fields, or to repose, book in hand, beneath some friendly shade, soothed by the music of the murmuring brook, and the twittering of the merry birds.

She asked why she was treated thus, and her step-mother replied with a look of seeming sympathy, and an air of mystery, that her medical adviser recommended it.

"But why? Why have I a medical adviser? I am not ill. I have not complained."

"Some maladies are not perceptible to the patient, Evelyn, though very evident to others. You have had too much excitement lately, and your physician thinks you require general repose of body and mind, varied with slight exercise and tranquil recreations. This course he thinks may avert the evils which seem to threaten you."

"Where are my recreations, then? Is it to walk out once a day, with that solemn Sarah following me like my shadow? If I am an object of so much solicitude, dismiss this dreadful woman, and let me invite a friend and companion to visit me. There is more than one of my late schoolmates who would be glad to come."

Mrs. Sitterly said she was sure the doctor would not consent to this at present.

"Let me have little Becky Vose, then, instead of Sarah; she will be both maid and companion."

"Becky Vose?" repeated the step-mother, with an air of some surprise. "Do you know her? Do you know where she is?"

"She is a servant in —— street, not far from our house in New York. I have often met her in the street."

"It is strange," replied Mrs. Sitterly, with a musing air. "What do you know about her?"

"Nothing, except that she is a very pretty, sprightly child, and seems to be very good-natured."

"But I mean, how is it that you know her at all?" asked the mother, pointedly.

"Oh, I can tell you, though perhaps you have forgotten the circumstance yourself. She and her father, a crippled, sickly man, came to our house begging, many years ago, when Becky could not have been more than three or four years old."

Evelyn paused, and Mrs. Sitterly, laughing, said, "Oh, yes, I remember it very well."

"You gave them a dinner and some money, but told them not to come again. But Becky has remembered me ever since, and she has frequently accosted me in the street, but of course she would not venture to speak to you."

Again Mrs. Sitterly smiled, and seemed well pleased to have this charitable act of hers remembered and related. "Her father is dead, I believe?" she said.

"Yes—Becky said he died in the alms house."

"Yes—so I have heard."

Again the great lady mused some minutes without speaking, and Evelyn in turn began to entertain some surprise that she should have remembered such obscure people, and should know so much about their history.

She had applied to Mrs. Sitterly for redress of her grievances, because she knew that no one else in the family would dare to counteract her wishes; that if any leniency was to be obtained, it must be directly from this, her chief enemy; and it was because she thought she saw signs of relenting towards her, which might result in granting her present request, that she continued this amicable colloquy.

But she was mistaken. Hearts habitually cold, like ice in high latitudes, continue to acquire frigidity long after they are apparently quite congealed, and when the eternal glaciers of the polar world shall melt, then may we hope for human sympathy in souls like that which now looked out of calm fixed eyes upon the anxious girl.

Yet, fortunately for Evelyn, her step-mother had reasons of her own for acceding to her request in regard to little Becky Vose, and she well knew how to make her concession seem like an act of generosity.

"How came you to think of this child, and how do you know that you could get her?" she asked.

"She told me a few days before we left town, that the family she lived with were going into the country, but were not going to take her; and she was afraid she would have to go back to the alms house. I could not help pitying her, and wishing I could take her, and I have thought of her many times since."

Mrs. Sitterly seemed quite unconscious of several long intervals of silence and contemplation on her part, but recovering at length from her abstraction, she said like one who after much mental debate has settled a question:

"Well Evelyn, if you think Becky would add any thing to your comfort, you are quite welcome to send for her. I shall retain Sarah also, who will continue to go out with you as heretofore. But Becky may take her place in waiting upon you in your room."

"Thank you; I am really very glad. And the child may go with us on our walks, I presume?"

"Oh certainly, I have no objection to that."

"I certainly am very much obliged to you. And as Pa is going to the city to-morrow, perhaps he will call for her and bring her with him."

"Yes—so he will," replied the mother, "if you can give him the address."

"I can—I do not know the number, but I can describe the house to him, for it is next door to your friend, Mrs. Jones's."

"Oh, very well."

Evelyn was really delighted at the privilege she had obtained, not because she required the services of the child, or of any one else, for she much preferred waiting upon herself; but she was greatly interested in the little pauper girl, whose timid, gentle request had awakened her sympathy, and for whom she desired to provide a home.

Becky was very small, being scarcely ten years of age, and of course could be of little value as a servant, but she was very pretty, active and healthful, and Evelyn, in her solitude, looked forward with great pleasure to the society of such a child, and to the privilege of instructing her, and of gaining her affections. It would be something to relieve the monotony of her dull and tedious life.

Mr. Sitterly, with his customary obedience, brought little Rebecca home, on his return from his next visit to the city, and his wife did not fail to impress him with a sense of her kindness to Evelyn, in so promptly gratifying her wishes, and even her whims, when they were consistent with the general welfare.

Miss Sitterly observed, however, that before the little girl was committed to her keeping, her step-mother had a long conversation with her apart, and that, whatever its nature, Becky in no way alluded to it in her subsequent intercourse with Evelyn.

The young lady had not over-rated the relief and pleasure which she expected to receive from the companionship of her little maid, who proved to be very docile, amiable and anxious to please, and to have a most affectionate disposition.

Evelyn at once undertook the task, or rather the pleasure, of instructing little Becky, and whoever had judged of their relative positions, by their occupation when together, would sooner have pronounced them governess and pupil, than mistress and maid. A thorough renewal of the poor child's wardrobe was also one of Miss Sitterly's first cares, and as the young lady, whatever her other wrongs, always received a supply of money, more than sufficient for her wants, she was in no way restricted from bestowing whatever her taste and sense of propriety suggested, upon her little *protégée*.

Becky accordingly soon began to look like a little lady. Every new thing delighted her, and everything became her, and when she and Evelyn were on their walks, which now sometimes became romps, they might easily have been taken for sisters.

They could not escape the *surveillance* of the dismal Sarah, who ever stalked silently behind them, as if they had both been children who needed constant watching. The mournful looks with which she regarded Evelyn, whenever the latter gave way to any emotions of hilarity, were painfully suggestive of the probable light in which this most sombre of servants had been taught to regard her. More than once Miss Sitterly was tempted to ask her if she thought she had been put in charge of a mad woman; but her repugnance to any familiarity with such a person, and her dread of hearing that her step-mother had really put such a stigma upon her, deterred her from the inquiry.

She had almost anticipated this wicked policy on the part of her tyrant; she had at times suspected it, but she could not really believe anything so dreadful. She tried, indeed, not to permit her thoughts to dwell upon so painful a theme, and she sought, by occupation and amusements, to divert her thoughts into pleasanter channels.

She rapidly acquired a strong attachment for little Rebecca, whose manners were naturally refined and gentle, and she almost feared at times that the child might detach her affections in some degree from the beloved Herbert. But this, on reflection, she was certain could never be.

That her stepmother had designed and hoped such a result, she sometimes suspected; at all events, she was confident that Mrs. Sitterly knew more about the orphan girl than she had stated, and that she had some reason for admitting her into her corps of servants other than those by which she professed to be actuated.

A month had passed over the family in their new home, and although it had been a season of comparative retirement and seclusion for the gay lady, it was not wholly so.

Distant as she was from the city, it was scarcely two hours' travel "by rail," and there were frequent visitors from town, among whom the inevitable Blass was at least a bi-weekly comer, until he came, bag and baggage, to spend the remainder of the season. There were daily drives about the surrounding country, visits to and from a few wealthy families in the neighborhood, who had made haste to form the acquaintance of the distinguished New Yorkers; and altogether Mr. and Mrs. Sitterly's time had been pretty fully occupied.

Frederic had even more to do than he could attend to, and he became quite fatigued with his retirement. Hunting and fishing excursions, and frequent trips to town, occupied much of his time, and neither husband nor wife yet found any leisure to think of the great improvements which they designed to make on their new estate.

Evelyn was glad that her alleged illness served to excuse her from participation in most of the gaiety which she saw around her. She received no visits and made none, although not a few inquiries were made after her by the new acquaintances of the family. If she rode out, it was not with her parents, but with her silent attendant, the carriage being prepared for her especial use, with appliances suitable for an invalid, while the coachman was instructed to avoid a too rapid drive for his cherry-cheeked patient, to whom her obsequious physician had prohibited all violent motions and emotions.

Of course, Miss Sitterly very seldom rode on such terms, and when she did, she speedily discarded extra cushions and shawls, and bribed the careful driver with merry smiles and kind words, to go a little faster, and a little faster, until her spirit caught new exhilaration from the rapid motion and the fresh air which fanned her cheeks.

Thus the time was passing, and the alarm which Blass had given to his friends before they left the city had nearly subsided, giving place to a belief that the great suit would really never be commenced at all—that Mr. Lynde would not have the hardihood to undertake such a thing—when, to the astonishment of Mrs. Sitterly, she received a polite letter from that gentleman, succinctly setting forth the claims of his little client; and the fact, that a suit would be immediately instituted to establish them, unless Mrs. S. preferred an amicable adjustment of the child's rights, as the son and heir of her first husband, Hugh Harlow.

To this missive the incensed lady did not condescend to send any direct answer, but she at once inclosed it to her lawyer in town, directing him to inform Mr. Lynde that she had no reply to make to his most extraordinary and absurd proposition; and requesting that any further communication which he might desire to make on the subject should be sent to her counsel.

This was cool enough, and dignified enough, to satisfy the stately lady's pride, and to satisfy Seth that further overtures would be useless.

He had, indeed, only taken this preliminary step out of regard to his promise to Evelyn to that effect, and as he had been quite certain that his peace proposition would be scouted, his columbiad was already charged, and ready for the match, at the moment that the answer to his letter was received.

In other words, the legal papers by which the great suit was to be instituted, were all prepared, and they were sent up for service on the distinguished defendant, on the very day on which Seth received intelligence of her decision.

This prompt action was again a little startling, but it was met with equal spirit and resolution, Mrs. Sitterly instructing her lawyers to place no impediment in the way of a speedy and final adjudication of the preposterous claim, which she professed to believe was a feeble attempt to extort money, and would soon be abandoned.

Although not without apprehension, she had great confidence in the vast pecuniary power which she was able to wield, and she believed that by entering the legal arena with boldness, she would do much towards dismaying the foe, and gaining that *prestige* of strength which is so often the harbinger of victory. Besides, Evelyn was now in her power, and might, she believed, be prevented from becoming a witness against her, perhaps even from knowing the pendency of the suit, until it was favorably terminated.

She would thus, too, more speedily put an end to that painful suspense which was almost as difficult to bear as defeat, and having disposed of the only remaining obstacle to her happiness, she would be able to pursue in quiet those plans of personal aggrandizement on which her heart was fixed.

Inasmuch as the persevering Seth, who had been indefatigable in perfecting the preparatory steps for the suit, was also most anxious to expedite the business, the great cause was soon ready for trial.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

THE TWO FACES.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

The two faces were as different in expression as it is possible for faces to be. They were close beside each other, and it was only natural to study the contrast which they presented. In fact, there was no avoiding the study. No reading is so bewitching as the reading of the human face divine, or diabolical, as it sometimes is.

The one face was dark and rugged, hard and stern. Many and deep were the lines and wrinkles in it. The eyes, blue eyes, were sunken and downcast, overhung by bushy brows of iron gray. The forehead was high, but it wore a settled frown; and the grim mouth was so tightly shut that you thought involuntarily of the iron chest which was locked and the key lost. The cheeks were hollow, the hair coarse and gray, and the voice had in it no music.

All over this face, thickly crowded, were the fine wrinkles, which give to some faces, while yet comparatively youthful, an appearance of age. Looking upon this stern and wrinkled visage you could not avoid the feeling that it belonged to a man of gloomy and morose nature, from whom all would seek to shrink away. But the other face, though really but a few years younger than the first one, seemed to be hardly older than the face of a boy. It was round and fair, with dimples in it, and perpetual laughter rippling over it. The brilliant eyes looked boldly forward from under smooth, brown brows. There was no trouble in those eyes, not one shade of care or sadness. The forehead was white and unscarred by any sign of time, or anxious thought; the nose showed no token of having been spread, contracted, or turned up by violent passions; the mouth was flexile and lightly closed, parting often, in smiles, or in smoothly, almost tunefully spoken remarks to one and another of the people about him. Not a gray hair was in his head, not a pucker about the corners of his mouth or of his eyes. The banners here hung out were all those of an amiable and agreeable nature.

One would have said, "He is a pleasant, good-natured soul—a person with whom it would be delightful to live; but the other man, ugh!" Well, *this* is about what *appearances* are worth. The man with the repellant face—let physiognomists make of the fact what they *can*—is in all his intercourse with his fellow-creatures gentle, just and kind. He is a patient and an affectionate man, loved and revered by old and young, and *admired* by all who know his history. For it was such misery and anguish of soul, as few mortals know, that too early blanched his curling locks, that contracted his once open and cheerful countenance, and that gave to his mouth that vice-like expression. All the wild passions that lurk in the human heart were in his heart so strong, and enraged by abominable wrongs heaped upon him, that with demoniac fury of revenge they raged for liberty to act out their nature; but the man was victor over them all. He did not even give liberty to his tongue in the day of his temptation; and instead of becoming soured and embittered towards his kind, he made the proper use of trouble. By it, with help from heaven, he mellowed the soil of his heart, and became the efficient sympathizer and benefactor of mankind. But from his altered face the stamp, which in his agony was set there, never passed away, and though his heart was always *kind*, it was never again, at least not for many, many years, *glad*.

Of that unstamped face beside him, but little need be said. As yet it tells no story of the true quality of him who bears it. But the years do not forget nor neglect their work of *carving*. This face belongs to one who thus far has had all things pretty much his own way; no dam has yet been made in his tide; no log has got stuck in his current; all runs freely, so no noise is made by the vain, selfish and overbearing soul of this man.

For he is vain as a peacock; selfish as unchastened and untroubled people generally become; and overbearing as enormously swollen pride and self-conceit can make one. His smiles are caused by self-complacency; his good nature would bear no real trial; and the agreeableness of his manner is not from benevolence of heart, but from supreme satisfaction with *himself*.

* * *

THE FORCE OF LANGUAGE.

It is of the very office of language to express what is consciously working in the soul; language is the express image of spirit. As soon as the mind is raised above the obscure state of spontaneous feeling, or the rude perceptions of sense, it begins to express its feelings and indicate its perceptions in audible language. In its whole training, words, thought or uttered, are the great instrument, as well as the result of its progress. And so it comes to pass, that though language be not life, yet there is not a deep or delicate emotion, not a subtle distinction or large concatenation of human thought, not an abstract principle or a simple idea, which language, by simple words, by imagery, by definition, by description, or by system, is not adequate to convey. And though single words, when taken singly, may have many a sense, yet the single words only give us the separate parts of speech; but take language as a whole, put the word in a sentence, qualify it by adjuncts, limit it by its relations, define it by logic, fix it in a system, and the single word may have such an immoveable significance, that no other term can be exchanged for that simple sound. It may have had its origin in the regions of sense; but, by the action of the soul upon it, it has been transfigured: it has passed through all inferior stages, and at length has been claimed by faith or reason for its exclusive use; so that only a philologist knows its earthly origin, and to all others it is the apt and direct symbol of the highest ideas of reason, or the loftiest objects of faith.

* * *

HOME.

A home!—it is the bright, blessed, adorable phantom which sits highest on the sunny horizon that girdeth life! When shall it be reached? When shall it cease to be a glittering day-dream, and become fully and fairly yours?

It is not the house, though that may have its charms; nor the fields, carefully tilled, and streaked with your own foot-paths; nor the trees, though their shadow be to you like that of a great rock in a weary land; nor yet is it the fireside, with its sweet blaze-play; nor the pictures, which tell of loved ones; nor the cherished books; but, more far than all these—it is the PRESENCE! The altar of your confidence is there; the end of your worldly faith is there; and adorning it all, and sending your blood in passionate flow, is the ecstasy of the convetion, that *there*, at least, you are beloved; that there you are understood; that there your errors will meet ever with gentlest forgiveness; that there your troubles will be smiled away; that there you may unburthen your soul, fearless of harsh, unsympathizing ears; and that there you may be entirely and joyfully—yourself!

THE LEAGUE OF TEARS—TO ——.

BY MARY FORREST.

I pledge thee; but not in the wine
That brims for a draught divine:
I pledge thee in tears, such tears as spring
When, steel on steel, the tense nerves ring;
When pulses leap in answering thrill
To spirit hands that sweep at will
A harp of fire. I pledge thee thus
What stronger pledge remains to us?
I stretch my hand across the space
That vails thy human form and face,
And, grasping thine, strike now with thee
This sacred league of unity.

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER IX.

A FATAL WEDDING.

On a dull autumn day the young widow Franklen became Saul Meghorn's wife. It was a dreary contrast to the first wedding. Calm, white, passive, the wretched woman passed to the church.

Full of fierce joy, and ardent love, and proud triumph, Meghorn led home his pale bride to Deepgang. The house had all been put in trim array, new furniture added, and a younger maid hired in place of old Dorcas, who was pensioned off, wisely. Bachelors' housekeepers are scarcely advisable retainers in a married establishment.

"May I sin', mover?" was the request of the child, full of joy at the novelties around her.

"Not now, dear pet, not now," said the mother, as they crossed hand in hand the threshold of Saul Meghorn's dwelling.

Ere Nelly had been six months married, she had learned that even the bitterness of the sacrifice might be deepened. Lavish in expenditure, warm and eager in his demonstrations of affection, her impetuous and unprincipled lord certainly did his utmost, in his own fashion, to win her to him.

He had yielded to her request that all at the cottage should remain untouched, that she should have the key and use the place occasionally, as we have heard mentioned. During his periodical absences, few and far between, she came hither with her child, and returned, with apparently a melancholy pleasure, to a few hours' reminiscence of the old time. Here were her bridal bed, her simple clothes, her furniture—*his* gifts, and the chest containing those dreary relics of her shipwrecked hopes.

Little Ida took wonderfully to the huge man, and would sit on his shoulder, play with his massy beard, or fondle the shaggy head, much as she did with faithful Huna, who was her shadow whenever she strolled out into the Chine, or down the winding paths of rocky Deepgang. The mother scarcely accepted these demonstrations of the child as might have been expected, letting them do duty, as it were, for her own inveterate indifference; she rather seemed to regard with jealousy the affection of her daughter, though never in any way displayed in preference to herself; and indeed, alas! for all, every day seemed to increase her coldness, her austerity, and the methodical obedience of her every act, to the will of the man who owned her.

Better he could have borne complaint, denial, open rebellion, than this automaton-like resignation, presenting so dire a contrast to the girl who had charmed him from himself in earlier times, the Nelly Hartsom he had wooed, but failed to win. Not slow was he to interpret this perseverance in indifference to aversion. His was not the nature to brook rejection. He could persevere, endure, plan and await the moment of triumph, but this inveterate and chilling frost, this fixed immobility, was not given him to overcome.

He lost hope, he gave up endeavor, he slackened in attentions and endearments, but she changed nothing of her sepulchral mood. The man's mighty will was baffled; he was not to be victor even in the victory he had gained.

But the birth of a son promised some change in the prospects of the ill-starred couple.

Nelly's loving heart yearned to the poor infant, inauspicious as was its existence. She nursed it with all care, and little Ida was in raptures with the strange, new wonder. Saul, if he ever worshipped, did so at that tiny shrine. Day and night the huge man looked in upon his offspring, watched it, listened for its voice, found resemblances in its half-formed features to those of the mother, besought her care and attention for it in a manner that must have been touching to any but a heart so prematurely wrung as hers had been.

But, alas. for all the hopes of the newly-made father.

The babe, strong and hearty to all appearance, fell sick suddenly, and, despite all possible care and assistance, died the same day—it was but five weeks old.

Nelly grieved over the poor little corpse, but she shed no tears. One might have thought the agony of the strong man, so terrible to see, would have moved her; but no.

Little Ida wept more for the pretty, live doll she would insist on singing to whenever she was permitted.

As for Saul, his grief was overwhelming, and partook of the fierce impetuosity of all he did.

He refused to credit that the child was dead, and kept it by him longer than prudence or custom allowed.

When it became necessary to part with it, the scene was terrible, and long remembered when subsequent events made recollections of the strange man valuable to the gossips.

Time, as it passed over the lonely dwelling on the cliff, brought no alleviation of the bitter draught which those two had doomed themselves to share.

Day by day grew the gloom and coldness of the woman, fast changing the fierce passion of her husband to discontent and aversion.

The richest fabrics make the most poverty-stricken rags; of the most luxuriant growth in the vegetable world comes the rankest decay and quickest corruption; so of the more vigorous and impulsive natures come the completest ruins, under the perversion of foul passions.

Since the death of his child, Saul Meghorn decreased hourly in the futile attempts to win the love or awaken the interest of his wife.

For a brief while he wrestled with the dark spirits of mistrust and aversion, but in vain; and he finally gathered about him the dark mantle of despair, and moodily brooding over his blighted hopes and passion, watched every act and word of hers with morbid suspicion. Cold he could not be; the intensity of his disappointment was the fire at which his hate was kindled; for with him there was no medium—love could not cool down to indifference. It was hatred—yet hatred with which alternated a jealous love. Is there a more terrible scourge to the human mind than this?

He could not spare her from his sight: to save her from pain or danger he would have faced death himself; yet deliberately he visited on her the cruelest torture, in taunts, in tyranny, in curses often. Worst of all, in treatment of the little Ida.

For in proportion as he felt her aversion to himself, he loathed the being on whom her whole affection was fixed; and, though never by personal ill usage, yet by slight scorn, deprivation of her little enjoyments, or her liberty, he made the poor child feel the weight of his authority and dislike.

"You did not want the trouble of *my* child," he said, tauntingly; "no! he was let die, that you might fondle, and pet, and spoil that brat. Ah! it shall be little the better. Did you hear me, girl? Go fetch some logs to the fire!"

"Go, Ida, dear child," the mother's unvarying, sad voice would say—for she trained her daughter to the same steady, unvarying obedience as she herself displayed, and trod the daily, monotonous round, in subjection, except on rare occasions, never attempting any reply or excuse, but letting him rail on—not even by a flushed cheek or roughened brow showing that the sense of his words had reached her.

Far more welcome to him had been the angry retort, or weeping excuse or supplication—the fire of his own passion had then met with some other fuel than his own heart, on which to prey with devouring fury.

"Away with you! be off to bed, I say! to bed, child!" would be often the greeting on his return, in reply to some of poor Ida's silent attentions, for she seldom spoke to him now.

And, "go, dear Ida," the mother's request, would confirm the sentence; perhaps at early twilight, or when some little interest had attached itself to the poor girl's weary hours of solitary life.

In one of his tyrannical moments he dismissed the maid, saying the girl was now getting big enough to make herself useful; and mother and child were thus alone in the house.

But Nelly took no offence at this; rather she was glad to be quit of any witness to her sorrowful repinings, and free to indulge her self-communings as she pleased. The domestic duties of the house fell by no means heavily upon her, though it was little that Ida could assist her, even would the mother have permitted it. The girl exerted herself to fulfil all the requests of Meghorn, which, when he was present, were by no means few in number; but otherwise she was very quiet and not apt to exert herself, her greatest delight was when she could prevail upon her mother to accompany her as far as the Chine, and seeking out the shadiest spot among its wild, bowery nooks, to fill her parent's lap with the flowers she gathered far and wide; then, seated at her knees, to make them into bunches, meanwhile singing to herself, in the sweet, low tones of a voice which seemed insensibly to have modulated itself to the sad atmosphere of her unblessed home.

CHAPTER X.

SATAN WINNING THE GAME.

"It's as good, ay as a sack o' gold to my eyes, it is, Capt'n, for to hail in sight of ye agin. Sick o' land life I should say ye was, and the wonder is, as I said, how ye ha' stood it. 'Shore!' I says to that lubberly jackass Simeon Foulkes, 'the capt'n'll tire of it in six months,' I says, and tho' ye've held out longer'n I'd ha' thought was in ye—aye it took ten year off me, it did that, when you sailed from the old place, and bid Jan Yawmans hold up his head and be a man agin."

"What became of Foulkes?" asked Meghorn of his grim servitor.

They stood within the cavern we have before described, which had lain for many months unvisited, and where the few articles yet remaining gave signs of total disuse. The entrance giving upon the bay was open, and the broad light of a full harvest moon streamed on the rippling sea, upon the beach, and over the figures of the two men as they stood in conversation.

"Went to the bad, yer honor, swamped for good and all; not like a man neither, cutlass in hand, and his feet to the enemy, nor took in fair fight, but like a weasel sneaked in a hen-roost, nabbed by the rascally land sharks and clapped in a country jail, for a pettifogging dirty job, as was not worth the risk of a——"

"Well!"

"It allus is the way with them fellows as can't take their liquor in times and seasons like a man," continued Yawman's with an oath. "I never did put no more faith in him than in a leaky old punt; though it warn't for me to speak agin a mate as yer honor seemed to fancy."

"He had been unlucky, and I thought to give him a trial. He had a stout arm in time of need."

"Oh, ay, the lad had pluck, for that matter, but the gun's no use primed and loaded if there's no lead to pint at. It do seem to me that book larning and logic aint o' much account if it can't keep a man straight with himself. Hows'ever, as I say he come to grief; and he knowed too much for one or two among us to be quite easy, for he never could keep his tongue from wagging."

"You helped him to escape?"

"Well, Capt'n, that would ha' been all very well, and we'd ha' been glad to do it, bein' as we bore no malice agin the lad. But we'd made the coast thereabouts pretty hot, and friends were looking shy; it was full time we weighed anchor, and no time to lose. Foulkes, you see, had been spoke with, and wouldn't strike while he was in hail, so it couldn't be done. So one of the chaps got to see him by night, and took him a dram Simeon had particularly a liking for; he cast off and on till the next day, and the news went round the place, that when they went to fetch him to the court, he was found dead in the cell—they said he'd poisoned *himself*.

"It could nohow be helped, ye see, Capt'n, and, after all, it was one for us all."

"Poor wretch!" said Meghorn, with a tinge of regret in his tone.

The mate stirred up his pipe with his finger, and puffed in silence. With a delicate reserve he had modestly forborne to make himself the hero of the tragedy, as he might have done. But he left Saul little in doubt thereby, for he knew the man who had so long been his associate, and valued him none the less for his resources under stern necessity.

"And you, what have you been about?" the superior inquired, after a pause.

"Off and on, yer honor, here and there, up and down; fairly afloat at times, and aground o' the shoals. I was doing a bit in the bacca line, when you gave hail; not so bad, nuther, but I threw it all up when I heerd the old call, and old times seemed to come over me afresh."

"Ay, ay! and old times and better ones, we'll have too, Jan," said the pirate. "It's no small game we'll fly at now; I'm sick of it—sick to death! I long for the brave faces, and the glorious lads to rally round me once again; the fair sails shall again swell to the breeze, our music has slumbered too long, and they have forgotten its voice, but by——we will show them it is not dead, and our flag shall again be the terror of the sea!"

He raised his arm as he spoke, and swept it over his head; his dark eyes flashed, his breast heaved, and his mighty form seemed to dilate with pride of power and dominion.

"Ay, that's the capt'n!" exclaimed Yawmans, with an oath; "the glorious times I did think was gone forever, comes back while I hear you speak."

"And you have gathered so many of our men? the old set?"

"Have I, yer honor? ay—and they answered to the call as I've seen 'em in byegone days to your call from the forecastle, that, let the winds blow and the thunder roll as it would, we always heard, and gave us fresh strength and daring to do. *Come*, capt'n, they'd come through fire and blood to *your* call!"

"My brave lads, my faithful fellows," said Meghorn.

"And she's all ready—stores aboard—bound for——?"

"You shall know, Jan, get all hands aboard; with those you have named, we shall need but two fresh ones, and to you I leave that. For, Jan, remember, in the rank you fill, my command will be but nominal."

"Ay, ay, Capt'n, it's all well enough between us two, but divil a bit would the men take Jan Yawmans for head. They like me well enough, but it's Saul Meghorn they swear by——; it's him they fight for, and it's that name, Capt'n, has stirred many a lad, while his breath was going from his body, to lift his hand in the fray."

"They shall have better cause, by —— they shall, and I swear it," said Saul, with knitted brow and flashing eyes, as he struck his breast with his clenched fist.

"Aye, and I shall lead them on to victory, till the world rings with our names."

"Have you seen her, Yawmans?"

"Ay, ay, captain! his majesty might be proud of her, as I am, to set foot upon her planks."

"You went below?"

"Aye, yer honor, you've been sparing to yourself, by my word; though, for the rest, you'd make milksops of the lads, with the space you've left 'em. But the inner cabin was locked."

"And will be; if I have stinted myself, Jan, I've got luxuries there. Jan, a lady bears us company."

"A *what?*" Yawmans started and dropped his pipe.

"My *wife!*" said the pirate, turning upon his subordinate the full force of his gaze.

At the words, the grim mate lifted his tarpaulin hat, but continued to stare at his commander in mute astonishment.

"She has been ailing of late, and the sea voyage may do her good," pursued Saul, gloomily, and in a tone which the other well understood not to mean trifling.

"Yes," he continued; "we shall have a lady aboard the Daredevil, and we shall find our hands none the less steadier, nor our guns less sure for it, Jan Yawmans!"

He would have been a bold man who had dared contradict those words—like the look which accompanied them, more of defiance than affirmation.

Whatever thoughts the mate had, he kept them to himself.

"Yes," said Meghorn, after a brief pause, "so we lift anchor, and quit this accursed coast the first week in the month, Yawmans—wind and weather serving."

"Wind and weather always did favor you, Capt'n," growled the other, as the subject being apparently dismissed, he replaced his hat and stooped to search for an available remnant among the fragments of his pipe.

Not succeeding, there is little doubt but he viewed the accident as the first ill-omen attending the projected innovation of the feminine element in the freebooters' domain.

"I don't think I have any more to say, Yawmans; keep close, get the lads in tow, and let me find them and you at the other meeting-place round the coast."

"Ay, ay, Capt'n; all shall be done."

"And remember, not one is to know of what I have just told you."

"Was there any need to say that now to Jan Yawmans?" returned the mate, with an air of wounded innocence. "Thirty years, yer honor, aboard and ashore, might ha' give you some notion of the old craft better than that."

Meghorn waved his hand in deprecation, and in token that he assented to the justice of the other's remark.

A few brief words closed the interview; then the mate, having lighted a lantern swung at his belt, disappeared by the way we saw the pirate enter on a former occasion, and Meghorn was alone.

He stood for a few minutes, his eyes fixed upon the broad sheet of undulating silver that stretched before him, but his mind far away, reverting to the time when he had bade farewell, as he believed, forever, to those comrades his word had now summoned from far and near, roused to old memories and fresh anticipations of daring outlawry and hardihood by the sound of his voice.

Even in that perverted and reckless nature there was a something sadly softening in the thoughts that stirred within him—perhaps for the last time—as he stood so motionless, rapt, gazing out upon the boundless sea.

He called to mind when, on just such a night, he had awoke, as it were, to a belief in an especial intervention for his good. How boyish memories, youthful aspirations and hopes long buried, had been roused into being by the associations of that woman's image! How he had shrunk from, and finally rejected his career of crime; how he had believed his very nature changed, and that henceforth to win her love should be his glory—the crown of his victory her smile!

He had failed, and in proportion to the freightage of his venture was the ruin its wreck had made.

In the world of to-day pirates are becoming rare; but with them, alas! will not cease the originals of such miscalculations, nor is the freebooter's the only black flag under which many a man charters anew the bark of life from out the false haven of an unblessed union.

If Saul's good angel had indeed hovered near him, now she dropped a tear, as with averted head she spread her wings for flight, scared by the wrathful scowl and bitter curse that almost convulsed the face of the man, as he roused himself from his ruminations.

By an apparently trifling effort, he closed the mouth of the cave with the masses of rock that lay near, and the enormous ferns, which had been held forcibly from the gap, were allowed to close again over the whole, thus hiding even the smallest interstices; then he took his way slowly up the path which led through the Chine in an opposite direction to his own dwelling.

At intervals the intensity of his thoughts bursting out into exclamations, or in detached words and phrases, gave token of the subject which occupied him.

"Yes, that will do—a new life for her—eh, mistress!—no pining over old matters then!"

A few steps further on his road, then a pause—another long gaze over the silver waves.

"No! the child must not go. No, no; no place for your pet, my dame!—she will rave, cry, be gentle to me—bah! but when she has no other near to play the fool—yes, the brat stays here."

Forward again, but on the brow of the Chine another pause, and his eyes this time were turned upwards to the spot whence he had rescued little Ida.

What thoughts came over him that night might have been guessed, had any one who knew the tale been there, to see the contemptuous sneer that broke out over his cruel lips, and the action of his arm, which he smote heavily against his breast, as if in self-chastisement.

Perhaps, as he looked over for an instant into the depths below, he pictured to himself the mangled little corpse, and how, where the moonlight flecked here and there the sharp projections of the rock her young blood might have dashed but for him.

"It was well done, too," he muttered, as he turned away and for a few minutes hurried forward, nor paused, nor turned again till he reached the top, having made a considerable detour near the head of the Chine, though he had passed over even more precipitous places unhesitatingly.

It might almost seem that Saul, brave as he was, credited something of the stories of Deepgang's unearthly visitants, in such haste did he traverse the lofty path that overhung the bay, sedulously averting his gaze now from the prospect, which was truly sublime at such an hour and from that point.

On the level downs he took breath, and, as he did so, there came upon the still night air the strains of a sweet, childish voice, singing a simple air that was popular just then in the neighborhood.

He knew the voice, but was at a loss whence it could come, for the house where, at such an hour, Ida and her mother would surely be, was full half a mile from there.

Struck by a sudden thought, Meghorn crossed the downs at an angle, descended a rocky path for some little distance, and thus came in sight of the little cottage, Nelly's old home, nestled singly apart in its sheltering nook.

A light was visible from the window, the half-open door shed a broad gleam upon the path of the small garden.

Two swift bounds brought him to the spot, and to the side window of the cottage, through which he gazed into the interior.

The song was still continued, the unconscious little songstress moving lightly to and fro, placing about the cottage shelves the flowers she had gathered in the day; arranging them in bunches; pausing now and then, re-commencing her song, or taking up the burthen of some other strain, as we hear a bird lose itself in melody, now breaking off abruptly, now dying away, now loudly trilling; in the wealth of untutored sweetness, toying with its own strength.

Apart, at an opposite corner of the cottage, sat the mother, her head bent down, her hands clasped over some object upon her lap, on which her eyes were set, and from which she seemed vainly trying to tear herself, as she several times lifted it and inclined towards an open chest before her, yet lingered again, and gazed and clasped her hands.

And while he looked, her husband saw her at last, with one effort, rise, press to her lips, her breast, the poor old coat—for it was that—lay it reverently in the closet, then kneel beside; and then, burying her face in her hands she wept, and prayed, perhaps—for her lips moved—"for what?"

No wonder the wretched man clenched his fists, and swore a bitter oath to himself at that sight; no wonder that in the black desolation of his erring, passionate heart, the cruel design found a place which else even he might have shrunk from.

What would he not have given that she should shed one tear for him—be it of grief, or supplication, of pity—he could have borne even *that!* But to him she was nothing—cold, blank, impassive, as the stagnant waters of some airless pool that sullenly receives alike whatever love or hatred, devotion or contempt may cast upon it, and retains impression nor gives token of either it receives.

With mighty strides the man took his homeward way; woe to any living thing which had crossed it in that moment! Rough old Huna, even, who had followed him from the cottage door, seemed instinctively to know that a respectful distance was the most prudent companionship.

A blank, cheerless hearth would, perhaps, in his mood have been no more congenial than the cheering glow which had evidently been made up before the house was quitted. She had not anticipated his return, so there was no especial provision made; but the most scrupulous servant could not have left things in better order.

"I am well served," he sneered, as he flung off his outer clothing; "she is worth her hire, truly."

Mother and child came in soon after.

The latter went to her bed, and Nelly waited upon her husband as usual—silent, motionless, calm. He could almost have doubted the evidence of his own senses which told him this was the same woman he had seen but now to shed tears, to wring her hands, to lavish caresses and endearments upon the inanimate relics of a deceased love.

"Don't you sit here," he said, "unless you wish to do it. I am going out again, and shall not be back awhile." She obeyed him—placing all to his hand he needed for his nightly dram, and betook herself to bed; first looking in at her little daughter, sleeping soundly in a small room off her mother's.

Nelly lay long awake; she heard her husband leave the house—and soon after sank into a light slumber.

It could not have been long—it seemed but a few moments, when she awakened suddenly, and in vague alarm; was it by a noise, or by that broad red light which shone in at the window and filled the room?

She started up—then sprang from the bed.

The house was on fire! and her child!

She rushed to the door, but, ere she reached it, struck against her husband, who, in a firm grasp, seized her arm and led her to the window.

Up from the lower cliffs they now looked down upon came the bright lurid column of fire, casting a broad glow upon the rocks, down to the beach; staining the silver-sheeted sea blood red.

Higher up hung the wreathed smoke like the breath of some inhabiting guardian of the doomed house, driven out, yet loth to depart too hastily.

At the first glance, she knew what it was she looked on.

How many times she had crept to that window to gaze upon the old home, and counted it her one small drop of comfort that she could thence mark all its beloved surroundings.

By the light of its own destruction now she did so—with a shudder felt that he rejoiced at the accident; then would have burst from him to call for help, to fly there, to save something, at least.

But he held her fast.

"Look your last, mistress; look your fill. You were always over-fond of the place and what it held. Ha! ha! but it makes a rare blaze—a jolly blaze! My fellows will be looking out, thinking it's a beacon-fire I've set them."

She struggled in his grasp faintly, but he held her tightly.

"For God's sake let me go, Saul!" she gasped.

"Go where? What for? Could you put it out, think you? Nay, stay here, I say."

"For mercy, Saul, call for help. I will not stir; but oh, do not let it burn! My poor home! Oh, Meghorn, husband!"

"*Husband!*" he repeated, through his clenched teeth, and gripped her arm more fiercely, "It *is* husband, is it? and *I* shall put out the flames I took such pains to light up! *shall* I?"

She uttered one cry; her heart sickened as he spoke, at the knowledge of the fiendish spirit that could conceive such a deed.

She turned her eyes up to his, and her lips parted to curse him, but at the moment little Ida crept to her side, affrighted by the noise, and touched her mother's hand.

He had saved her life; the mother's lips closed in silence, and, shutting her eyes, she averted her face; but he still held her prisoner.

Unhappy man! even as he had caught the fixed gaze of her eyes, he could have clasped her in his arms, have vowed his life to her, have yielded his soul up at her feet; yet his next words were such as a devil might utter:

"It was long kindling, woman—mayhap it was the tears you wetted your old coats with; they are dry enough now. Come, look up, girl! look up!"

His grasp upon her arm was agony, but she never moved, nor spoke, nor struggled any more.

"A glorious blaze! and we will watch it together," said Saul.

The flames rising higher and more clear, brought into strong relief the dark outline of the frowning cliffs, while every gnarled and stunted tree started into sudden life, and the knotted ferns and heather waked up to welcome daylight.

* * * * * * * *

It was the first week in the month; the Daredevil, manned, stored, appointed to the full in every tittle, rode at anchor in the sequestered bay at a considerable distance from Sandcombe, seeming to fret impatient of her bonds, and eager, like a high mettled steed, to be set free.

The absences of Saul Meghorn had been of greater frequency, and more prolonged, since the night of the fire. Apart from his suddenly-stirred jealousy, he had probably believed that by his last act of tyranny he had loosened one of the ties which held his miserable wife to the spot he now designed she should quit, in all probability, for ever; and when he ascertained, as a very slight observation soon assured him, that she had given up her visit even to the long familiar scene, he did not fail to congratulate himself upon success so far.

Still, in their very brief interviews, there was in her solemn, pale, unspoken grief, a tacit avenger, an undying witness, as it were, against him, that he, neither obtuse nor dull of perception, did not fail to accept and to feel most keenly. He was the torturer of the woman whose love—as he had said—he would have periled his soul to gain; and to purchase whose happiness—had she but vouchsafed to ask it—he would have dared worse than death, have attempted impossibilities.

He cursed the fate which willed it thus, yet madly rushed on to follow every new prompting of the devilish passion which consumed him.

"Once at sea," he muttered to himself, "with only myself; away from all the accursed recollections of that hound—not even the child to interfere between us, and for her to moan and dwindle over, she will be a different creature in a few months. Oh, I have known cures as wonderful. The salt sea is a grand medicine."

To such meditations of a mixed nature—of burning jealousy and passionate tenderness, of fierce longing, and bitter contempt even of himself—the wretched Saul would yield up his strong nature. Now pacing to and fro the hidden caverns of Deepgang, now scaling precipices, now plunging deep into the woody fastnesses that abound inland—never finding release, nor repose, nor quenching of the dread fire within. At one time he would picture to himself the probable influence upon his wife of the new character in which he should appear to her.

"She shall know me for what I am—no land-lubber, no stay-at-home cosset, but at the head of my brave lads! Ay, she will respect me, look up to me, and learn to be proud when she knows how men have trembled and grown pale, how flags have struck, and crews, without a blow, surrendered to the name of Saul Meghorn."

Then the fit passed—he would debate whether she might not yet be moved by contrast of the fate she doomed him to.

"Ay, with even all this in my grasp, with that vessel yonder, ready at my bidding, and hands and hearts that will follow me through the world—I'd give it all—cast it up, turn my back upon the sea and its triumphs forever, and lead the life of a ploughman—only to hear her say she loves me, only to win one of those looks she casts upon that child! Oh! my God, that I should come to this!"

In the madness of such an hour he would rush homewards, and, weapon in hand, determine on killing her child before her, and even contemplate plunging his dagger into the cold breast he vainly sought to warm, and from her dying throes wresting a fearful sweetness of revenge ere he mingled his own blood with that of one who held her life so apart.

But ere he reached his dwelling the weapon was sheathed, and with it all blood-thirsty delirium; some gentler fiend would whisper hope—even yet in the eleventh hour—and the wretched man, seeking perhaps in his desolation even pity, would be met with the frozen word, the stony look, which entered sharper than poisoned arrow to his flaming soul.

Angels might have pity for such a state, than which, not hell itself can hold punishment more terrible!

Though all was in readiness, and the men panted for action—though arrangements had been made for the due care of the little girl, who was to be parted from her mother—and though all was adjusted with such exactness, that an hour might have seen Nelly conveyed aboard the vessel, anchor weighed, and Deepgang deserted—yet still they lingered. Still, under some unaccountable impulse, Saul delayed his final order, and found some new occasion for hindrance.

But at length it was done. The second day from this, the captain was to come on board—Yawmans had all instructions, and already was he made familiar with the usual haunts of the mother and child, during the lengthening evenings and pleasant twilight—most convenient hour for deeds not adapted to the searching eyes of day. To be continued.

Opinions.—A great portion of the opinions of mankind are notoriously propagated by transmission from one generation to another, without any possible option on the part of those into whose minds they are instilled. A child regards as true whatever his teachers choose to inculcate, and whatever he discovers to be believed by those around him. His creed is thus insensibly formed, and he will continue in after life to believe the same things, without any proof, provided his knowledge and experience do not happen to infringe upon their falsehood. Mere installation is sufficient to make him believe any proposition, although he should be utterly ignorant of the foundation on which it rests, or the evidence by which it is supported. It may create in his mind a belief of the most palpable absurdities—things, as it appears to others, not only contradicted by his reason, but at variance with the testimony of his senses; and in the boundless region which the senses do not reach, there is nothing too preposterous to be palmed on his credulity.

HUGH THORNDYKE

BY ALICE CARY.

Egalton's hills are sunny,
And brave with oak and pine,
And Egalton's sons and daughters
Are tall and straight and fine.

The harvests in the summer
Cover the land like a smile,
For Egalton's men and women
Are busy all the while.

'Tis merry, in the mowing
To see the great swath fall,
And the little laughing maidens,
Raking, one and all.

Their heads like golden lilies
Shining over the hay,
And every one among them
As sweet as a rose in May.

And yet despite the favor
Which heaven doth thus allot,
Egalton has its goblin,
As what good land has not?

Hugh Thorndyke—peace be with him,
(He is not living now)
Was tempted by this creature
One day to leave his plow,

And sit beside the furrow
In a shadow cool and sweet,
For the lying goblin told him
That *he* would sow his wheat.

And told him this, moreover,
That if he would not mind,
His house should burn to ashes—
His children be struck blind!

So, trusting half, half frightened,
Poor Hugh with many a groan
Waited beside the furrow,
But the wheat was never sown.

And when the fields about him
Grew white—with very shame
He told his story, giving
The goblin all the blame.

Now Hugh's wife loved her husband,
And when he told her this,
She took his brawney hands in hers
And gave them each a kiss,

Saying, we ourselves, this goblin
Shall straightway lay to rest—
The more he does his worst, dear Hugh,
The more we'll do our best!

To work they went, and all turned out
Just as the good wife said,
And Hugh was blest—his corn that year
Grew higher than his head.

They sing a song in Egalton
Hugh made there, long ago,
Which says that honest love and work
Are all we need below.

THE BEAR IN THE CAVE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I lay no claim to the title of professional hunter, but I have always been very fond of wild sport, and have spent no trifling portion of my time, at different periods of my life, in the dark forests and open prairies of the Great West. Many are the buffaloes, or bisons, that have made their last bows to me; many are the deer that have ceased their running in my presence; and many are the bears, wolves, cougars, and lesser game, that have been depositories of my bullets. I have generally been what may be termed lucky—lucky in finding game and killing it, and getting through an adventure safely: but for all this, I have had my unfortunate days, my perplexities, my drawbacks, my ups and downs, and I will frankly add, my *scares*. And *apropos*, I happen to remember a day on which everything seemed to go wrong, and all my usually separate troubles appeared to unite in a grand climax. It was a day which I have noted in my calendar with a long black mark.

I had gone to the Ozark mountains in company with a friend named Frederick Willis. He was a pleasant companion in many respects, but fond of boasting of his exploits, and withal rather timid. He was one who always performed wonders at a distance—or, in other words, one who was continually telling you of what he had done in such and such a place, and what he would do in the future, but always failing to astonish you by any remarkable deed in the present.

We had been hunting for a week, and had met with fair success, when a long storm set in, which kept us in camp till we had finished the last morsel of food. This happened on the evening preceding the day of which I speak; and on turning out in the morning, our first desire, of course, was for our breakfast. As the clouds were now breaking away and giving us an occasional streak of sunshine, we found ourselves in pretty good spirits, and doubted not our fast would soon be broken.

"We will just go down into the valley below us, and kill enough in an hour to last us for a week," said Fred., as he put fresh caps on his double-barrelled rifle.

"If we are lucky enough to find the game easily," said I.

"Oh, that, of course—we are certain to do that—I never fail when I set out on a purpose of that kind."

But he did fail that time, at least, and every calculation failed for the entire day; and when we saw the sun getting far to the westward, and felt the keen gnawings of hunger that we had not been able to appease, we were just about as disappointed a looking couple as any one could wish to see.

"Confound it!" said Fred., "the like could never happen to me in any place but this. Why, Arthur, my boy, I have gone out before now, when there were not three deer in the whole forest where I was, and killed two of them in less than an hour, to say nothing of rabbits, hares, partridges, and so on, almost without number!"

"And ali in an hour, Fred.?"

"Well, it might have been something over an hour, to speak by the card, but it was a very short time indeed."

"What a pity that your luck has deserted you to-day, Fred.—for I am so hungry, and I am afraid we shall have to fast all night."

"It is confounded annoying, by Jove! I feel like an India-rubber life-preserver before it is inflated."

We were now in a dark and gloomy portion of the mountains, with rocky hills frowning above us and a rapid streamlet roaring below; and as we stood looking about us, I caught sight of a bear, quietly picking his way over a ledge of rocks too distant to render a shot certain. Without a word, however, feeling how much depended upon the result, I brought my rifle to my shoulder, took a quick aim, and fired. The report of my piece was the first intimation my companion had of my seeing game at all; and as he wheeled around in surprise and to make inquiry, I pointed to the beast, which was now scrambling over the rocks at a quicker pace, evidently scared or wounded, or perhaps both.

"There he goes, Fred.," said I, "and if he escapes, we shall go supperless to bed."

Even as I spoke, the animal disappeared behind some bushes; and we hastened up the hill after him, with all the eagerness of two half-famished men whose only hope of food depended upon his capture.

On reaching the rocks where I had first seen him, we, to our great delight, discovered a trail of blood, which showed that the animal was not only wounded, but bleeding freely, and perhaps would not be able to get over the ground very fast, or go very far, while we could follow his steps with certainty.

Hurrying forward, we soon passed the summit of the hill; and as we began to descend, we came upon another ledge of rocks, and discovered where the wounded beast had entered a low, narrow, fissure, that, as well as we could judge from the few feet we could see into it, gradually widened out into something like a cave.

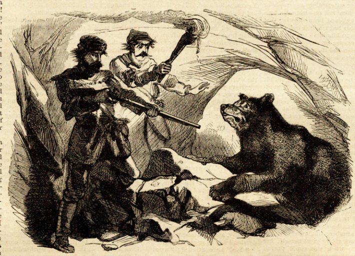
"Confound the luck, Arthur Hoyt!" exclaimed Fred. Willis, in a tone of chagrin. "I see we are destined to starve."

"Why not venture in and fetch out the beast?" I replied.

"What! go in there after a wounded bear! Just catch me doing it, will you?"

"We may as well risk that venture as to stay quietly outside and starve," I rejoined. "And besides, the exploit appears to me quite tame when compared with some you have performed before now—that panther affair of yours in Texas, for instance."

"Ah! I was a good deal younger then, and had much less sense than now," sighed the other, coloring deeply, and looking a little confused, which confirmed my suspicion, knowing the man as well as I did, that the adventure to which I alluded was a fabrication, told in a boastful moment, for the purpose of astonishing me and rendering the narrator a wonderful hero in my eyes.



"Well," returned I, feeling a secret pleasure in putting my friend's courage to the test, "I am going into this retreat after this bear, even if I have to go alone; and if you do not accompany me, I shall be compelled to doubt your being as brave as your many tales have led me to suppose."

"Oh, for that matter, I am not afraid of anything that any other man may reasonably dare," returned Fred., somewhat excitedly; "but the truth is, we cannot see in this dark place; and to venture in there, in the face of certain death, would only be a species of fool-hardiness of which I cannot approve."

"We can easily raise a light," said I. "There are plenty of pine-knots about here, and a good torch will show us the way. Come! you shall carry the torch, and I the rifle, and we will go forward together, till we come in sight of the bear, which I will fire upon, trusting to Providence to make my shot fatal."

Seeing me determined, my companion reluctantly acquiesced in my proposal; and in less than a quarter of an hour we were prepared for the venture. As he obligingly permitted me to go forward with a loaded rifle, while he followed timidly with a lighted torch, we entered in this manner, both on our hands and knees, the low, narrow aperture not permitting us to stand upright.

We advanced some ten or fifteen feet with the greatest caution, keeping a sharp look-out ahead, and then we found the passage gradually widening and enlarging, and a few feet further on we discovered several other passages diverging from the main one, and branching off in different directions. By a close examination, we could tell, by the trail of blood, which one the wounded beast had taken; but I confess, as I looked around upon the dark, gloomy and jagged rocks, seen by the lurid gleam of our waving and smoking torch, that I felt anything but pleasant in the anticipation of soon meeting a ferocious animal at bay, and, by a single mistake or accident, putting ourselves in his power and ending our lives by a bloody death. And if I, who was usually calm and nerved in moments of peril, felt timid and fearful, I saw by a glance at my companion that he at least believed there was sufficient cause for the emotion, for his face was ghastly pale, his eyes glaring, and his lips quivering.

"Oh, Arthur," he said, in a low, hurried, tremulous tone, "let us turn back and let this beast go! The best we can make of success is our supper, and I for one do not feel the least bit hungry now."

The idea that he had so suddenly lost his appetite, caused me to laugh outright; and telling him there was nothing to fear, I pushed on, and he followed with trembling limbs and a quaking heart.

Winding around through a low, narrow, jagged, crooked passage—now opening upward to twice our height, and anon compressing so as to force us upon our hands and knees as at first—we advanced some hundred and fifty or two hundred feet further, when we came to a broad, arched compartment, leading far off into the deep darkness, and with a small, clear stream of water flowing quietly through it. We stopped here to contemplate this wild and romantic scene; and remembering our devious course hither, and all the intersecting passages, and at the same time considering the possibility of losing our way, should we venture further, and so perhaps never be able to get back to the bright world without, I was beginning to doubt the propriety of advancing another step, when suddenly our ears were assailed with a loud, savage growl, and my quick eye caught a glimpse of the ferocious beast coming toward us.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" cried my now terrified companion, and at the same instant the torch fell from his trembling hand into the water and was extinguished, leaving us in a total and horrible darkness.

Instinctively, at the first sight of the beast, I had brought my rifle to my shoulder, and I now stood awaiting his approach, not knowing better what to do. Another savage growl, and the gleam of two fiery eyes within a few feet of me, warned me that longer delay might be fatal; and pointing my weapon to the best of my judgment, and mentally praying God for success, I fired both barrels in quick succession. The next moment there was a heavy plunge in the water, so near to me that the liquid was splashed into my face. I started back and drew my knife, expecting every moment to find myself in the clutches of the ferocious beast. The suspense, while I waited there in breathless silence, was terrible, and I am certain I never experienced a more intense and paralyzing fear than I did then. And how could it be otherwise? My life was as valuable to me as that of my timid companion to him; and now that I could not see the danger which menaced, and knew not what moment I should be torn to pieces, I felt all the helplessness and fear of a child. I was hemmed in by rocks, and could not fly in the utter darkness which enveloped me, and could only hope that my shots had taken effect upon the bear, which might be standing before me, about to clasp me in the embrace of death. Even now I shudder as I recall those few awful moments.

At length, finding all remained quiet, I ventured to speak the name of my companion, but received no answer. I called him in a louder tone, but still no answer. What could it mean? I repeated his name several times, gradually elevating my voice, till it became a shout, but heard only the echo of my call as it rolled away under the rocky arches and through the angular passages. Then I listened, trembling with fear, thinking perhaps the furious beast had fallen upon him, but heard nothing to justify this fearful suspicion. Then I recalled my own lonely situation, and the possibility of being lost and perishing in that cave without human aid or sympathy, and great drops of agony seemed to press through every pore. Then I began to move cautiously away, with the endeavor to reach the open air; but after crawling about till satisfied night had set in, and that I had really lost my way, I sunk down exhausted and fell asleep.

When I awoke and comprehended where I was, I caught the gleam of a faint light in the distance; and making my way to it, I soon reached the open air, where I kneeled upon the ground and fervently thanked God for my preservation and deliverance. I then procured another torch and crawled back into the cave, and at last reached the stream, where I found the bear dead in the water, pierced through the heart, the Providential effect of my shot in the dark.

A faint call now came to me from a distance, which I answered with joy: and soon after I was joined by my companion, looking ghastly pale and wofully wretched. The only account he could give of himself, was to suppose he had fainted from fright at the moment I fired; and on regaining consciousness, he had set out like myself to find his way out, had got lost in the attempt, and had no recollection of what occurred afterward till he beheld the light of my torch.

It was a happy reunion; and over the ravenous meal which we made from the carcass of that beast, we solemnly vowed never to hunt another bear in a cave.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

A Young Lady asks our opinion in the following case: she has a lover who professes to be devoted to her, but who is in the habit of going to the theatre, opera, concerts, and places of amusement generally, without her, and without even asking her if she would like to go with him. Whenever he calls to see her, he describes his visits to these places, and remarks: "I thought of *you*, and how much *you* would have enjoyed it," and in the same breath adds, "But I won't ask you to go, because I know you will refuse, and I couldn't bear *that*." She became so annoyed at this, that at last she replied to him, that she would go with him to some entertainment with much pleasure, whenever it might be convenient. Since that time he has not referred to the subject of her accompanying him, but still continues his visits to the theatre, opera, &c., the same as ever. He is also constantly telling her, whenever he calls, about the great number of ladies—young, handsome and rich—who are in love with him, and any of whom he could marry at any time, if he would only say the word. "What do you think of such a man?" she asks; "would he be apt to make a good husband?" We rather think not. He must be selfish, and a great lover of his own ease, comfort and gratification—irrespective of the enjoyment of others. He is undoubtedly penurious, also, and after the honeymoon were over, he would be apt to sneak off to indulge in his personal and selfish gratifications, leaving you at home to make the best and the most of your solitude. He must be a vain and conceited person, to talk to you so much about the numerous ladies who are ready to marry him; and of the taste and gentlemanliness of such remarks, you can judge as well we can. On the whole, we think that unless such a selfish and conceited man were born again and utterly regenerated, it would be highly unsafe for you to marry him.

Troubled Husband.—This hypocritical creature informs us that he has been much troubled by a young girl's persistency in flirting with him—a girl whom he knew before his marriage. He doesn't wish to hurt her feelings, but really he would like to know if he would be justly chargeable with unkindness should he avoid her. You are a hypocritical humbug. Do you not know that it *takes two* to flirt? No young lady would "annoy you with attentions" unless you hung out an indication that she might do so with impunity. In this case, do just as you would like to have your wife do, in case some young man whom she knew before her marriage should "annoy" *her* with "attentions."

S. A. R.—When a young lady, with whom you have called upon some of her friends, introduces you to one of them, as you are all about to set out on a walk, you should not leave your companion to accompany the lady to whom she introduces you, unless she signifies a wish for you to do so. Nor should you leave your companion to go home with another lady who has no escort.

Lemuel.—You of course cannot help *feeling* "partial" to the pupil with whom you have fallen in love; but if you have a genuine call to be a husband, you can help *acting* towards her with partiality in the presence of your other pupils. A teacher should treat all his scholars with equal justice.

Sophronia says she is a poor girl, and is visited by a young man who, rumor says, is engaged to a rich man's daughter. This he denies, although she has proof that he constantly visits the heiress. "What shall I do?" she asks. Have nothing to do with him. Tell him you do not desire his friendship.

Viola.—A young lady should rise in receiving company, and when they take leave; but the propriety of going to the door with them depends upon the degree of intimacy. With very intimate friends she might go to the door without impropriety.

Rustic.—You did a very impolite act in knocking off the hat of your comrade, "only in fun," in the presence of ladies, and he acted still more impolitely in wishing to fight you on the spot. You seem to be a couple of rude fellows, and quite unfit for the company of ladies.

E. S. A.—There is nothing injurious in the game of chess itself; but it is hardly possible that it can be a healthy amusement for persons of sedentary habits. A man whose business or amusements compel him to exert much bodily activity, would not be harmed by chess-playing; but one who sits still in-doors nearly all the time, would do well to seek a more active means of recreation. Four well-contested games of chess at one sitting would be a pretty strong dose even for an active man.

Lavinia.—A man who boasts to you constantly of his irresistibleness among ladies, must either be very conceited, or else be conscious of great demerits which he fears you will detect, and hence tries to bolster himself up in your good opinion, by attempting to make you believe that your sex generally admire him. Boasting in love affairs, like boasting in any other matter, is apt to indicate a want of soundness and stamina on the part of the boaster.

S. S.—When you called on the young lady and found your rival there, instead of leaving in a pet, you should have remained, and conversed so brilliantly and behaved so agreeably as to have thrown him completely into the shade. Neither faint heart nor ill-humor ever won fair lady.

May Belle.—There was nothing improper in your friend's enclosing you stamps wherewith to pay the postage on your replies to his letters. When a gentleman requests a lady to correspond with him, and she assents, it is not improper for him to pay postage both ways.

W. T.—Gaining one hundred per cent. is another form of expression for doubling your money. If you buy for fifty cents and sell for a dollar, you gain one hundred per cent.

C. Y.—This correspondent makes a strong appeal for aid and enlightenment in a case wherein many a young man before him has had occasion to tremble in his shoes. He is about to attend a party—his *first* party—and there are to be *girls* there—Hold your breath! After a while there is to be a supper, and the girls, though divine in essence, are human in appetite, and will naturally gravitate to the festive board. And of course they must be "waited upon" there, and C. Y. must take the responsibility of guiding thither *one* of them—"one who is to him, and has *long been* to him, the Angel of Hope and the promise of better things to come." Now the question is, In what form of interrogatory shall he ask her to the table? He says he wants "*the precise words.*" He bought a book on etiquette and read it through, seeking for "the precise words" and finding them not. Nothing but "the precise words" will answer, as he dare not trust, in the slightest degree, on such a momentous occasion, to his extemporizing powers. We believe it was Mr. Toots who, on an occasion such as C. Y. looks forward to with so much apprehension, extended his crooked elbow to the young lady whose dietary exercises he wished to superintend, and with a bow and a smile said, "Shall I?" These were "the precise words." The young lady, accepting the crooked elbow, answered, "E—e-*yes* 'ir." These were *her* "precise words." The "words" on both sides, on that occasion, were not only precise but concise, and C. Y. would do well to take Mr. Toots for his model. However, should he dislike such brevity, he might say to the young lady, "May I have the pleasure of attending you to the table?" That form of address would be unexceptionable.

Madeline pettishly asks, "What is the use of rainy days?" We consider a rainy day as being, among other good things, an excellent *test* of character. Your vapid person, without resources, is ready, on such an occasion, to commit suicide, unless, indeed, the hours can be slept away till sunshine returns for this human butterfly. We do not refer here, of course, to those constitutionally sensitive organizations unavoidably affected by *skyey* influences—that is quite another class. But your butterflies of either sex, who have nothing *but* bright wings, and cannot stand wind or rain, and have nothing left but to fold them up and vegetate in some corner—Heaven pity *them!* They to whom books are a dead letter, and who have no thoughts wherewithal to people their solitude, what an empty youth! and worse, what a horrible old age. How short may be a "rainy day" to the mind well stored: to the busy hands of honest, honorable labor; to the good mother and wife; to the efficient daughter. You never hear such, with folded hands of repining, idly bemoaning "a rainy day." We repeat again, that a rainy day is an excellent test of character. Let young men visit their "intended" on rainy days, if they want to see what kind of stuff they're made of.

Jay, Jun.—Your author is mistaken. Thomas Paine, so far from dying in poverty, was a man of independent fortune for many years before his death, and left an estate worth about forty thousand dollars. Before leaving this country, near the close of the revolutionary war, he invested a small sum in land, which, upon his return to the United States, had greatly increased in value. His will, deposited in the Surrogate's office in New York, bequeathes stock in an insurance company to the value of fifteen hundred dollars, a large farm near New Rochelle, and a considerable sum in money. He left the bulk of his property to Mr. and Mrs. Bonneville, with whom he became acquainted in France. Several American friends were also remembered, one of whom was Thomas Addis Emmet. Paine, though he refused to derive profit from the copyright of his writings, was rather penurious toward the close of his life, and lived much within his income.

O. P. H. writes as follows: "I have been fooled, and want to know how to get revenge. I went to church, and when the exercises were over, I went up to a woman, and asked for her company home; she assented. As church was up stairs, we had to come down, of course, when, seeing a gentleman standing by the door, she left me and went with him. Ought he to have gone with her, and wasn't I mad?" If you have stated all the circumstances correctly, the lady did a very impolite thing. But no impoliteness on the part of a *woman* can excuse a *man* for studying out a mean revenge. Your best way is to treat it with dignified contempt, and relieve the lady of your presence entirely. The gentleman who went home with the lady may not have known that she was behaving ill towards you. You probably know best whether you "was mad" or not. We hope you didn't do anything rash.

Justice.—You tell us that a certain young lady, with whom you are "keeping company," was invited by a young gentleman to attend a ball, and refused in your presence, but that afterwards you heard that she *did* attend the ball with him, and when you spoke to her about it, she would neither deny nor admit it. What shall you do about it? That depends upon what you mean by the phrase "keeping company" with the girl. If it signifies that you are engaged, you are entitled to an explanation from her; if not, you have no more right to question *her* than she has you about other ladies to whom you speak, or in whose company you may chance to be. Young men are too apt to think they have a right to monopolize a young girl, although their "intentions" are quite indefinite with regard to matrimony. This is a great piece of selfishness, and the girls should teach them better.

Marcus is in love with a young lady, but unfortunately, in consequence of a quarrel between his uncle and her father, the latter has declared he will shoot Marcus if he comes near his house. The young lady has agreed to marry him privately, if he thinks it will be right, and on this last point he wants our opinion. Well, we think it is *not* right. No young lady should elope with any man or marry one who is so afraid of being "shot" that he coaxes *her* out of her father's house, rather than go bravely into it himself and plead his own cause. Such a lover as you are would not stand by a wife after she had left everything to follow him. That's our opinion.

Shaker.—There was, and is, an Irish language. It is still spoken in some parts of Ireland, and most Irish people who were reared in Ireland know something of it. We believe, also, that there are still a few thousands in Ireland who know no other language but the Irish.

Qui Vive.—If the girl with whom you are in love is so very young, and you are about leaving the city for a term of years, you should not speak to her of your love, nor attempt to bind her by a promise during a long absence. It would not be wise or best for either of you.

Clericus.—All killing is not murder; and you should not attempt to usurp the prerogatives of judge and jury, to convict your unfortunate parishioner of murder, when he may only have committed justifiable or excusable homicide. According to the law of this State, the killing of a human being, without legal authority, is either murder, manslaughter, or excusable or justifiable homicide, according to the facts and circumstances of each case. Such killing is *justifiable* homicide when committed by *public officers*, and those acting by their command in their aid and assistance, either in obedience to any judgment of a competent court; or when *necessarily* committed in overcoming actual resistance to the execution of some legal process, or to the discharge of any other legal duty; or when *necessarily* committed in retaking felons who have been rescued or who have escaped, or in arresting felons fleeing from justice. Such homicide is also *justifiable* when committed by *any person* in resisting any attempt to murder such person, or to commit any felony upon him or her, or upon or in any dwelling-house in which such person shall be; or in the lawful defence of such person, or of his or her husband, wife, parent, child, master, mistress, or servant, when there shall be a reasonable ground to apprehend a design to commit a felony or to do some great personal injury, and there shall be imminent danger of such design being accomplished, or when *necessarily* committed in attempting by lawful ways and means to apprehend any person for any felony committed, or in lawfully suppressing any riot, or in lawfully keeping and preserving the peace. Such homicide is *excusable* when committed by accident or misfortune, in lawfully correcting a child or servant, or in doing any other lawful act by lawful means with usual and ordinary caution, and without any unlawful intent; or in the heat of passion upon any sudden and sufficient provocation, or upon a sudden combat without any undue advantage being taken, and without any dangerous weapon being used, and not done in a cruel or unusual manner. But any of these acts, done *unnecessarily*, or in a cruel or unusual manner, or unlawfully, or through culpable negligence, would be manslaughter in the first, second, or third degree, according to the circumstances of each case. If the owner of a mischievous animal, knowing its propensities, willfully suffer it to go at large, or shall keep it without ordinary care, and such animal, while so at large or not confined, kill any human being, who shall have taken all the precautions which the circumstances may permit to avoid such animal, such owner shall be deemed guilty of manslaughter in the third degree. If any physician, while in a state of intoxication, shall, without a design to effect death, administer any poison, drug, or medicine, or do any other act to another person which shall produce the death of such others, he shall be deemed guilty of manslaughter in the third degree. The killing of a human being is *murder*, only when it is not manslaughter, or excusable or justifiable homicide, and is perpetrated from a premeditated design to effect the death of the person killed, or of any human being; or by an act imminently dangerous to others, and evincing a depraved mind regardless of human life, although without any premeditated design to effect the death of any particular individual; or when perpetrated, without any design to effect death, by a person engaged in the commission of a felony. You will see by what we have here stated, that the act of killing a human being ranges from *justifiable* homicide up to murder, and that there are many degrees between the first and the last. Under the heads of excusable and justifiable homicide a great deal of man-killing can be done; and it is not an easy thing, sometimes, to fix the degree of guilt or innocence, even with all the light that a thorough judicial trial of the case eliminates.

Hired Girl.—This correspondent is one of a numerous class in all spheres of life, who know not how to submit to the unavoidable annoyances of their lot. Her complaint is, that the family with whom she lives in the capacity of a domestic, though very "civil and kind" to her, will not permit her to sit at the same table with them, nor even in the same room when her work is done. "I think it is very hard," she says, "because a poor girl is obliged to work for her living, that she must be kept back in the kitchen, and eat by herself as if she were a dog." We, to some extent, agree with our correspondent; it *is* very hard if she chooses to make it so. There is scarcely a creature on earth who can make her lot seem so forlorn and dreary, as a respectable and virtuous servant in a house where only one servant is kept, and where the family do not choose to associate with her. On the other hand, we cannot deny that the presence of a strange servant at the table or in the sitting-room is a restraint upon the freedom of family intercourse, that few families are disposed to submit to, or ought to submit to. A considerate mistress can often hit upon a kind of compromise of this matter, that will alleviate the solitude of her servant, without lessening the happiness of her family. When this is not done, all the advice we can give to a hired girl is, to do her duty as cheerfully as she can, and hope for better days. We will also add, for the benefit of repining servants (or "hired help") in general, whether masculine or feminine, that the surest way for them to make their lot pleasant is to care more for doing their duty thoroughly and conscientiously than for anything else. The man or woman who cares more for the courtesy and approval of others than for his or her own approval, will seldom be contented in any sphere of life, inasmuch as such a person will never gain the approval of anybody. But the man or woman who cares chiefly for the personal approval of conscience and judgment, through the honest discharge of every duty, will gain not only that, but the esteem and respect of all with whom they come in contact.

J. W. L.—This correspondent is a pupil in a public school in Pennsylvania. The other day, the County Superintendent visited the school, and asked the teacher; among other questions, How often and how long the pupils wrote. In the hearing of the whole school, the teacher replied: "Regularly half an hour every day;" which was a lie, for they do not write sometimes for weeks together, and never more than ten minutes at a time. When our correspondent related the circumstance to his father in the evening, his father called him a little coward for not instantly rising in his place in the schoolroom and exposing the falsehood; and the question he asks is, would that course have been proper? We think not. It is the *father* who should bestir himself in a matter of so much importance, and never rest, day nor night, till a person so unfit to have the care of a school is removed from a place in which he is doing incalculable harm.

Distressed Friends.—These correspondents are "several young ladies," who are "distressed" on behalf of a young gentleman whose wits they fear are wandering. Their reason for this fear, is, that the youth in question, who has always avowed to his lady friends that he would never marry any girl not possessed of $100,000 "in the clear," and who had not a "a tall, graceful and queenly form," has now, in the face of his protestations, "fallen in love with a girl not worth $10,000, and *a mere dump of a thing* into the bargain." We think this does not argue a wandering of mind on the part of the young man, so much as it does a wandering of purpose or belief. No man can predict what he will or will not do in love affairs. A man can no more say what he will do in case he falls in love than he can say what he will do in case he becomes insane; and it is still more so with a woman.

One Much Interested wishes to know how she is to manage when there is a young man who has kept company with her for three years and said nothing of marriage, and there is no other gentleman with whom she can go to teach the dilatory lover that he is not to monopolize her. You should immediately dismiss him, and then if he chooses to offer himself, let him do so; if not, *when the field is clear*, no doubt others will. No young lady should allow a man to fritter away three years of her life in such a manner.

P. Q. R.—Your friend, whom you wish to introduce you to the young lady, has no right to take you to her residence, until he has first asked and obtained leave to do so, either of the young lady or her parents. The latter would be most proper to consult on such an occasion.

Amaziah.—What style of ring is most proper for a lover to present to his affianced? Our taste is for a *solid, good, old-fashioned, plain, gold ring* for a betrothal ring; *afterwards*, if you please, *and can afford it*, any precious diamonds, or rubies, or pearls that you fancy.

S. W.—If, when riding out with a young girl who lives in the vicinity, you reach her house after the family have retired, you should not leave her at the gate and drive on, but should accompany her to the door and wait beside her till some one opens the door to admit her.

Anthony.—You seem to take it for granted that Milton's Paradise Lost is an authentic history. You should remember that it is only a work of the imagination, having no binding authority in historical matters.

Aytch.—The sentence, "Richard is himself again," is not Shakspeare's. It occurs in the acting copy of Richard III., a version containing much that Shakspeare did not write and omitting much that he did.

Peter.—The saying, Rome was saved by a goose, arose from a tradition that on one occasion it was the cackling of some geese that prevented the city from being taken by surprise.

Rex.—When you fear that any act *may* be dishonest do not perform it; do only those things which you clearly believe to be right.

*** Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*